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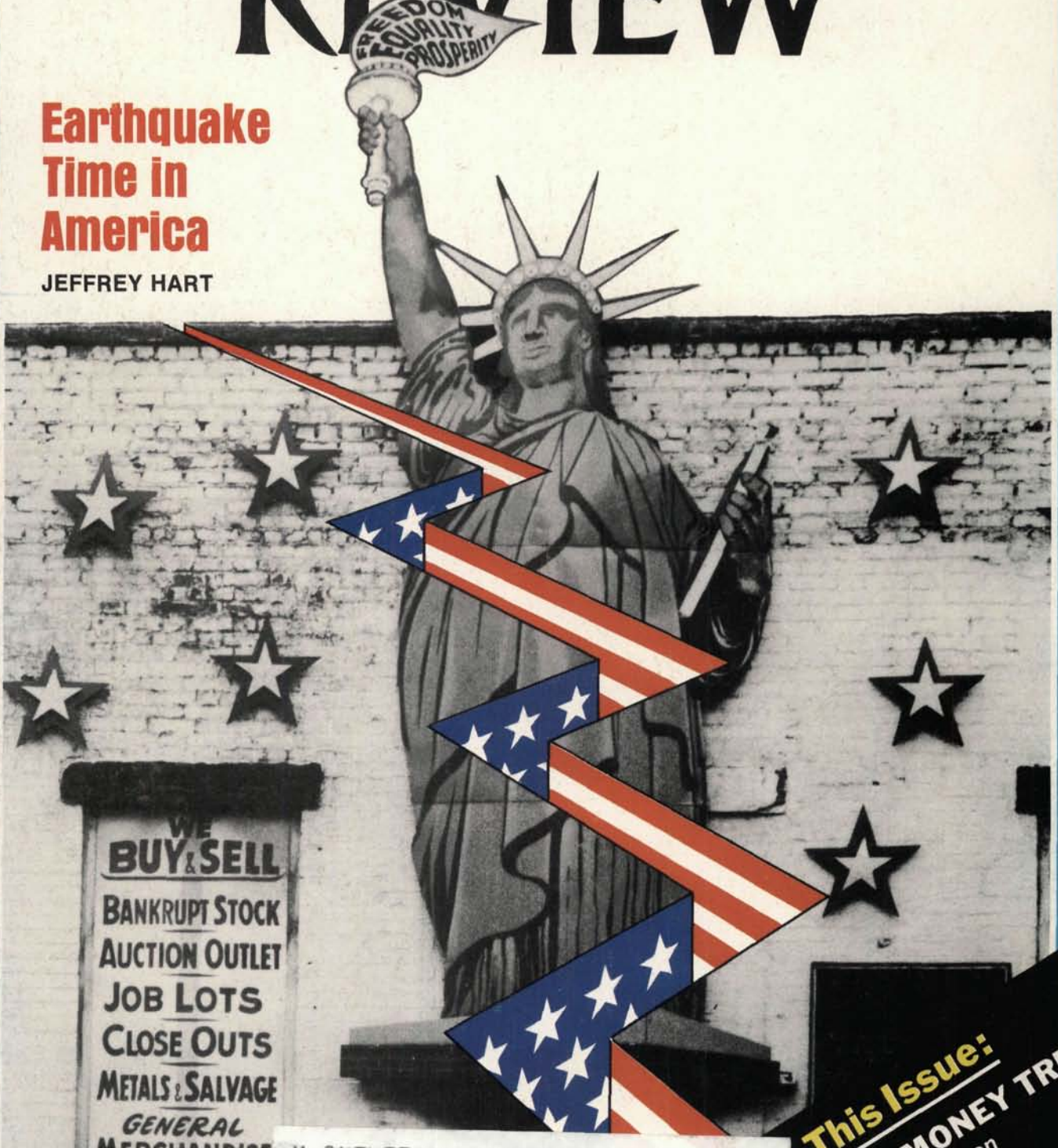
Earthquake Time in America

JEFFREY HART



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by William E. Simon

PLUS: MANO, SOBRAN, BAKSHIAN, BRIDGES, McDONALD, PHILLIPS

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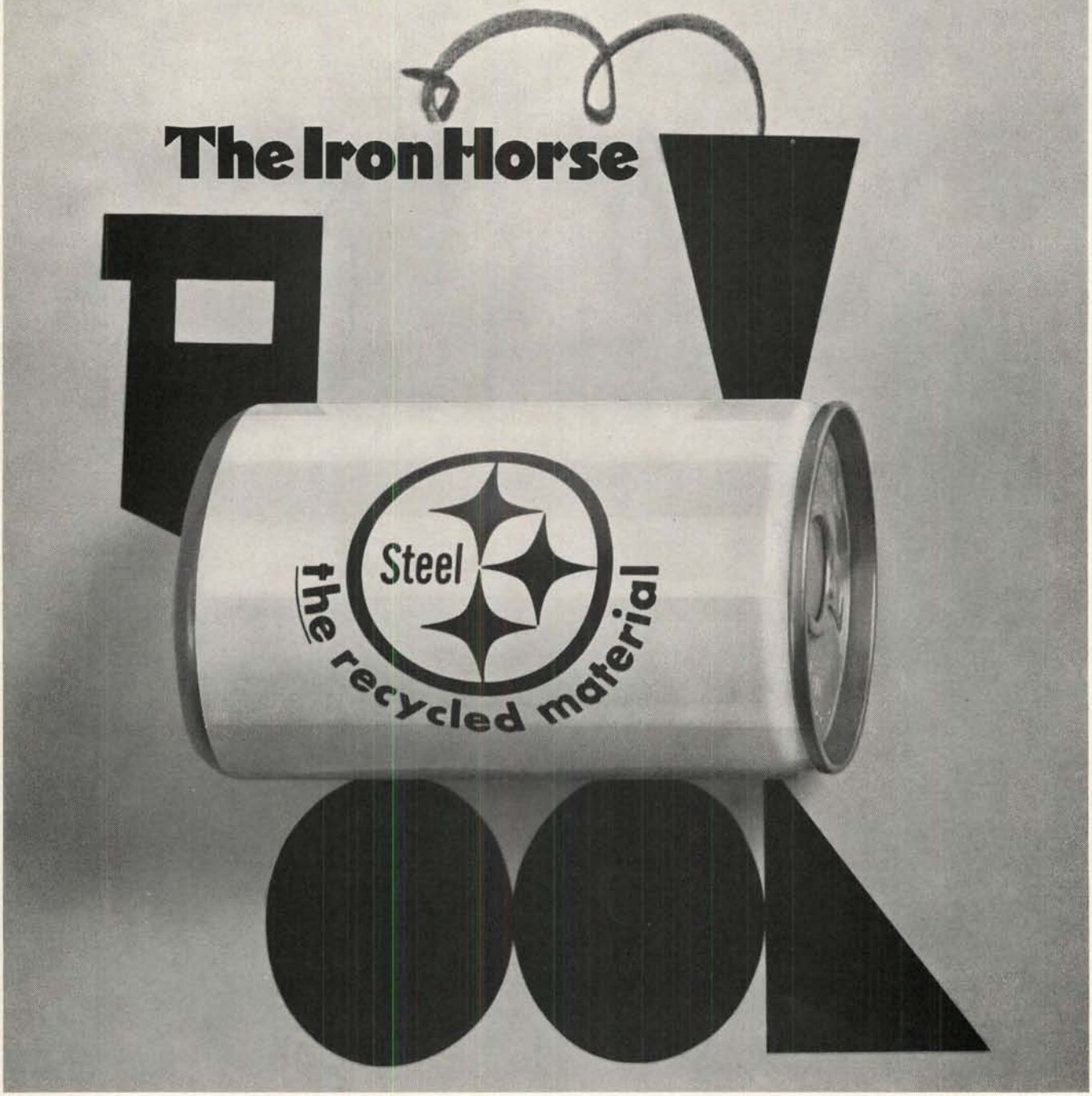

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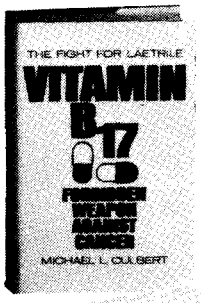

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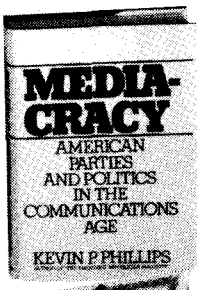

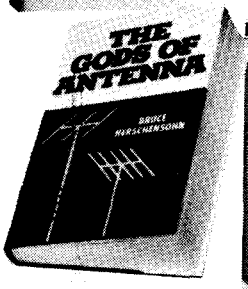

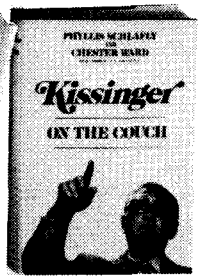

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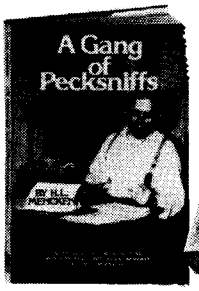

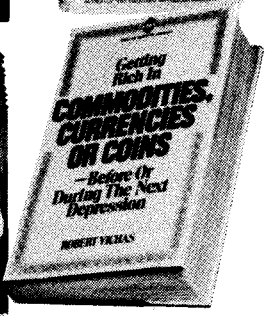

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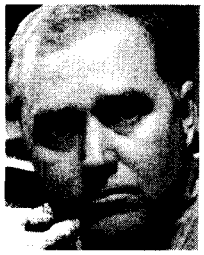
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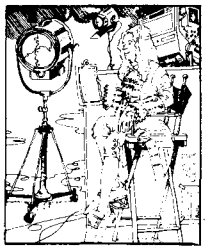
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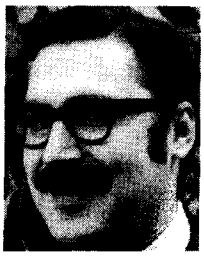
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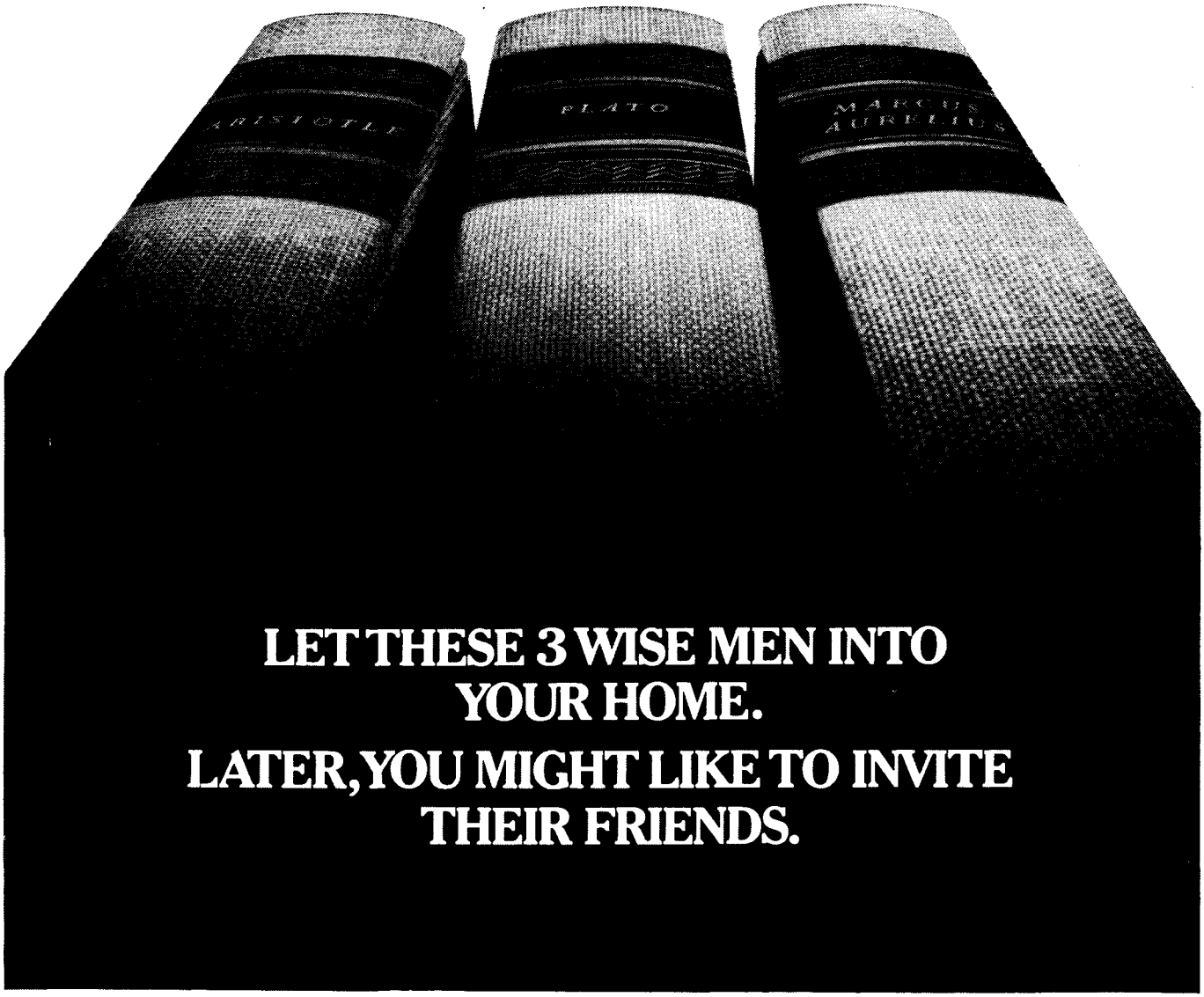

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Letters

The Russians

Ever since the *NR* trip to Russia was announced last fall, I have been wondering what you would say about it, so I opened the February 20 issue very eagerly indeed.

Mr. Buckley's columns were splendid; but then, I had read him on Russia before. Nika Hazelton's article was very nice—not much hard analysis, but the kind of solid observation you need in order to analyze. Joe Sobran's article was a pleasant personal account. And then there was Keith Mano.

"Waste no sympathy on Russia," says Mr. Mano. "Leninism, Stalinism, purges, Gulag, agitprop, oppression, these have all been necessary, drawn out by a slave people's sharp inner need." "And you think, maybe Lenin wasn't such a bad sort after all. Executions, work camps, the cult of the man—with such people, what other options could there be?" Wow.

What is one to make of this? I don't know. But I had the uncomfortable feeling that before he went to Russia, Mano expected to find that everything wrong with the country could be ascribed directly to the Kremlin. And that when he got there, he was bowled over by what he would have known all along if he had read his Gogol and Dostoevsky and Tolstoi a bit more carefully. Of course, he tries to pre-empt that point by saying: "And we're not talking here about history from 1917 to now, we're talking about a thousand years of Asiatic servitude." There is a grain of truth in this: but see, by contrast, how Priscilla Buckley handles these points in her review of Hedrick Smith's book in the same issue. If Mano cannot see the difference between, say, even the capricious autocracy of Peter the Great and the totalitarianism of Lenin, or if he thinks anyone but another mass murderer could be said to deserve Stalin, I am very sorry for him.

Cambridge, Mass. BOB TILLIARD

Play or Go Home

Your editorial concerning the Soviet hockey team's bout with the burly Flyers ["Henry, Meet Fred Shero," Feb. 6] ignores a curious fact. After staging their impish walkout, the injury-sensitive Russian team could only be coaxed back onto the ice with a very un-Marxist ultimatum from National Hockey League Commissioner Clarence Campbell: Finish the game or forfeit payment for the contest. No deals, no changes.

The Russians returned to the ice and lost the game.

What a pity President Ford and Secretary Kissinger didn't attend. If a few bucks work such wonders, think what a little wheat could do.

Middletown, Conn. GREGORY W. POWELL

Home of the Brave

The William F. Rickenbacker column "And the Home of the Brave" [Feb. 6] presented a view similar to that held by the late George Orwell at the beginning of World War II: he was thankful that the English intellectuals were not successful in demoralizing British patriotism, in that the values scorned by those intellectuals were exactly the values that saw a beleaguered island through the blitz.

I mention Orwell's view to make this point. Why not a loose coalition of sorts between the Archie Bunkers and American conservatives who share the same social values? Economics might be an area of disagreement, but that can be set aside as a separate conflict.

Pat Moynihan (a.k.a. Wyatt Earp) would surely have been a cohesive force in such a coalition. In the neighborhood bars he was being cheered as a guy who "doesn't take any bleep from those creeps at the United Nations" by people who thought "it's about time someone stood up for America."

One notes that it was the AFL-CIO who greeted Aleksandr I. Solzhenitsyn on his American tour and not the Chamber of Commerce (hell, not even President Ford). All the above would probably mean very little in terms of electoral power, but it would make for one hell of a social event.

Chicago, Ill. MIKE LAVELLE

"But where are our leaders?" asks Wil-

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liam F. Rickenbacker ["And the Home of the Brave"]. But do individuals have leaders? This is the contradiction that underlies the problem individuals always have in achieving their goals. By individuals I mean conservatives, libertarians, and any other people opposed to government solutions to private problems.

The liberal loves to group, and groups can select leaders to follow. But the individual by definition follows no one. If he leads others it is by example, not by direction. He resents the entire political spectacle of choosing the least offensive solution-monger, and as an alternative he tries to find that rare individual who agrees reluctantly to represent a point of view in an elected body.

We are isolationists until our land is trampled on because we are individuals until our rights are trampled on. As we share this attitude to a greater or lesser degree it becomes harder or easier to participate in that which we oppose.

But where are our leaders? Within.

Long Beach, Calif. RICHARD K. MOORE

Points

John Gardner of Common Cause may indeed be the "most pompous man in America" ["The Week," Feb. 6], but Senator Frank Church is running a damned close second.

Mojave, Calif. WILLIAM H. DEAVER

Juliana Pilon's article on Rumania ["Where Quiet Desperation Reigns," Feb. 20] is quite interesting—though a bit depressing—and is no doubt completely accurate. But the map of the country at the top of the article does have a few inaccuracies. That map shows Rumania as including the ethnically (and linguistically) Rumanian province of Bessarabia, roughly between the rivers Pruth and Dniester, where is located the "IA" of "RUMANIA" on the map. Since 1940, when it, like eastern Poland and the Baltic states, was taken by the Soviets following the 1939 Nazi-Soviet Pact, Bessarabia has formed the Moldavian SSR within the Soviet Union. At least in Rumania proper, the oppressors are fellow Rumanians, albeit with Russians pulling the strings; not so in Bessarabia. Also not reflected in the map is the fact that the southern Dobruja was ceded to Hitler's ally, Bulgaria, at about the same time (September 1940); Bulgaria retained it following World War II.

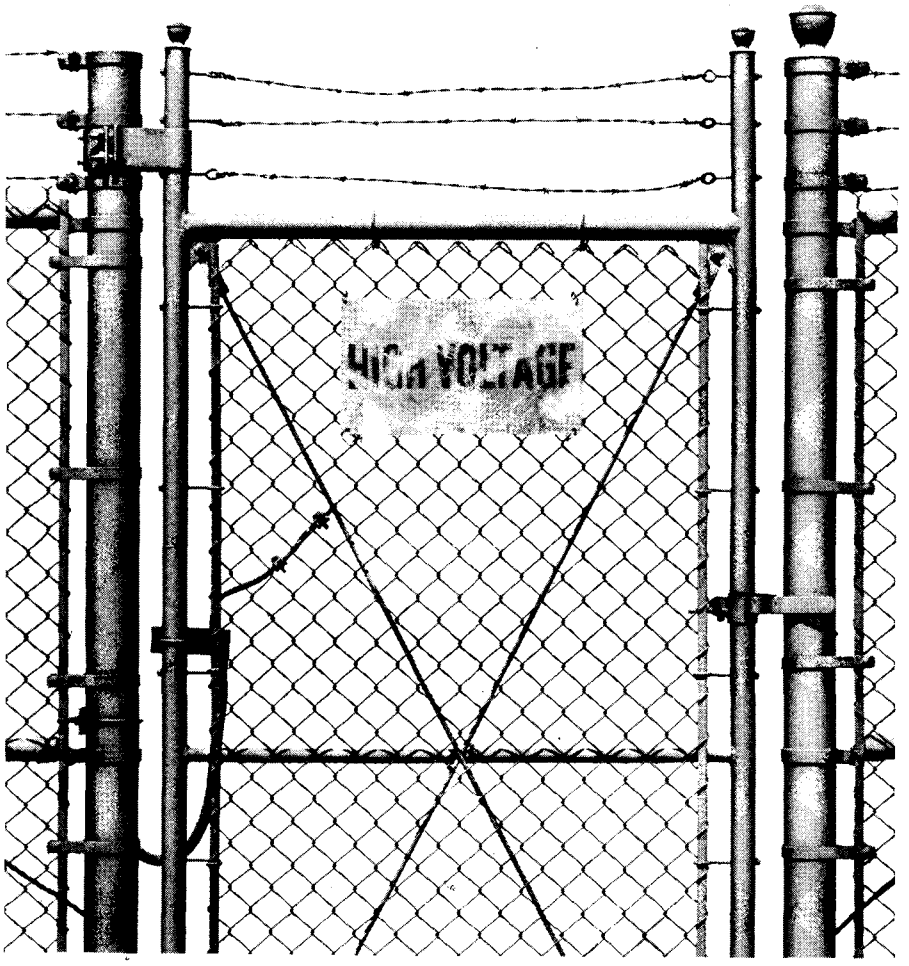
Perhaps *NR*, despite the spirit of Helsinki, does not recognize the legality of Hitler's gifts to the Soviet Union—or is your atlas just out of date?

Clemson, S.C. ROBERT M. SCOTT

The Brainwashers

David Belin's informative review of Robert Sam Anson's *"They've Killed the President!"* [Feb. 6] throws much-needed light on why we have had two showings in six months of *The Unquiet Death of*

OSHA is checking you for vital signs



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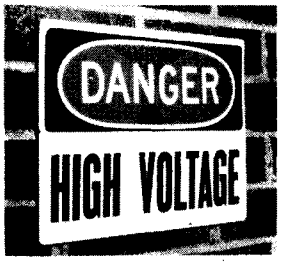

Write "Identification Systems for Maintenance and Safety" W. H. Brady Co., 2223 W. Camden Road, Milwaukee, WI 53201.

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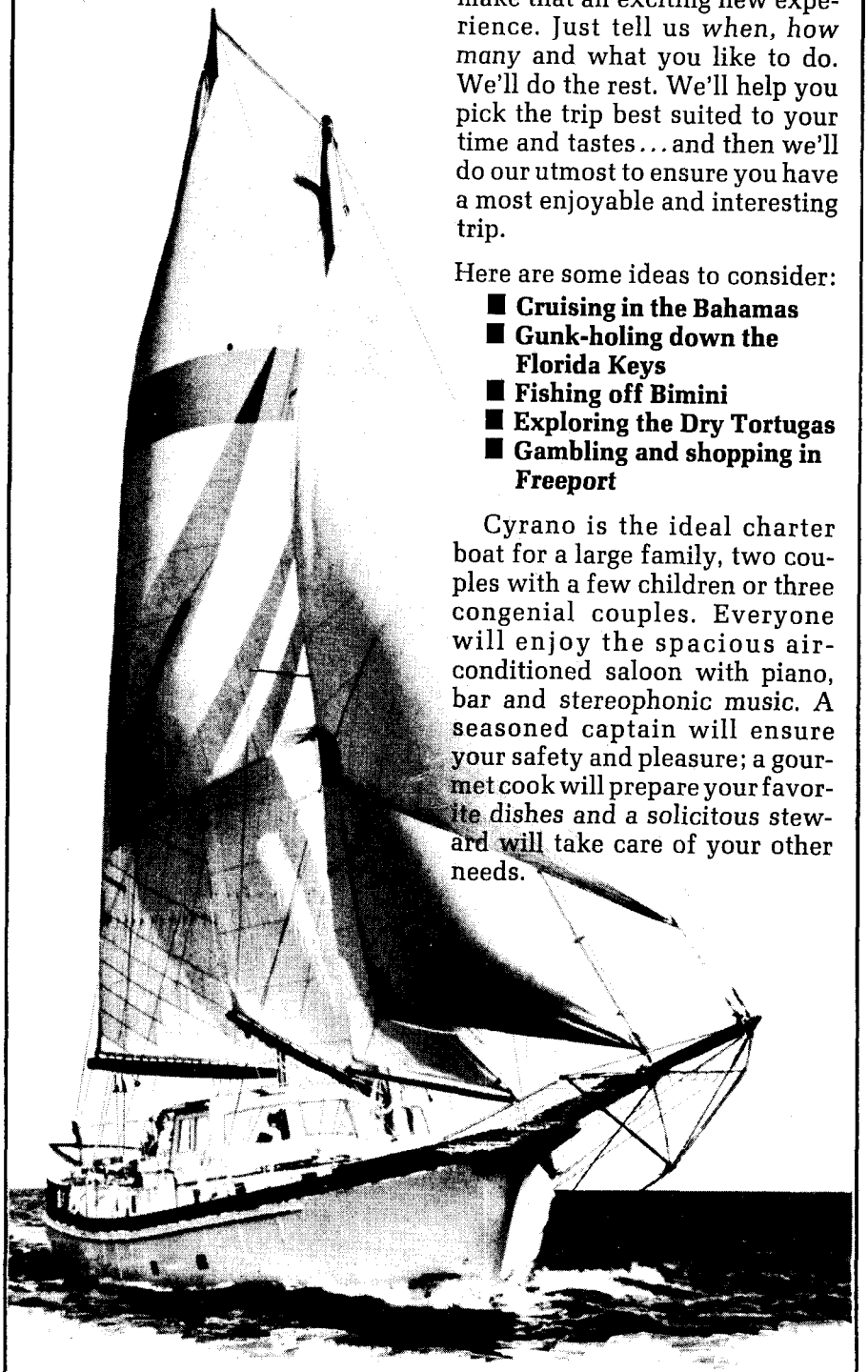
Cyrano

WINTER/SPRING CRUISING



If you've never before chartered a boat, we'll undertake to make that an exciting new experience. Just tell us *when, how many* and what you like to do. We'll do the rest. We'll help you pick the trip best suited to your time and tastes... and then we'll do our utmost to ensure you have a most enjoyable and interesting trip.

Here are some ideas to consider:

- **Cruising in the Bahamas**
- **Gunk-holing down the Florida Keys**
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Cyrano is the ideal charter boat for a large family, two couples with a few children or three congenial couples. Everyone will enjoy the spacious air-conditioned saloon with piano, bar and stereophonic music. A seasoned captain will ensure your safety and pleasure; a gourmet cook will prepare your favorite dishes and a solicitous steward will take care of your other needs.

Write or call today to find out more about the fun you can have when you charter CYRANO.

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Julius and Ethel Rosenberg on PBS station KLRN-TV, Austin and San Antonio.

As Executive Producer for Special Events for Public Television Station WNET, New York, whence come endless Special Events to these hinterland stations, Robert Sam Anson has a unique advantage for very subjectively prescribing programs that are entirely biased and unworthy of viewers' time and money.

Somewhere, someone is obliged to inform us poor yokels in the boondocks just who the Ansons of television are, with that infinite power to brainwash all of us. For starters, information on their background, education, political philosophy, relationship to owners of the originating stations. Help us, please.

Victoria, Tex. BELFORD NELSON

N.H.'s Hidden Tax

David A. Pietrusza ["The Snows of New Hampshire," Feb. 20] said New Hampshire "has no income tax." This is one of the most widely publicized misconceptions about our state.

New Hampshire has the most unfair income tax in this country. Each resident must pay a 4.25 per cent tax on bank interest and dividends. Clearly this hits a small group—mostly retired people. In 1783 New Hampshire adopted a constitution that says that each person must pay his share of operating the state. However, one can earn a million dollars yearly in any kind of business and pay no tax in New Hampshire.

I retired to this state in 1967, believing the false publicity that there is no income tax. I have paid income tax every year since.

Lyme, N.H. HAL E. SEAGRAVES

In the Dark

I don't know whether Jack Chatfield [Feb. 6] is using as his source the book being reviewed, *Movie-Made America* by Robert Sklar, or his own knowledge, but there are some inaccuracies in his article.

In paragraph four he states, "Women appeared nude in DeMille's *A Daughter of the Gods* (1916)." Neither DeMille had anything to do with this movie. Fox was the producer and Herbert Brenon the director. Further on in the same paragraph: "And in Griffith's *Intolerance*, made just after World War I . . ." *Intolerance* was made in 1916. Then he refers to "DeMille's *Ragamuffin* (1915)." This is imprecise. There were two DeMilles. *Ragamuffin* was directed by William C. DeMille and the correct date of the film is 1916. Because Mr. Chatfield later on makes specific mention of Cecil B. DeMille, one would normally assume that he was the DeMille referred to earlier.

Also, a couple of comments. Circa 1916, nude scenes weren't too unusual in the movies. They were usually done by having the actress pose as a model for an artist. Finally, *I Am a Fugitive from a*

(Continues on page 195)

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The Lazy Man's Way to Riches

'Most People Are Too Busy Earning a Living to Make Any Money'

I used to work hard. The 18-hour days. The 7-day weeks.

But I didn't start making big money until I did less—a *lot* less.

For example, this ad took about 2 hours to write. With a little luck, it should earn me 50, maybe a hundred thousand dollars.

What's more, I'm going to ask you to send me 10 dollars for something that'll cost me no more than 50 cents. And I'll try to make it so irresistible that you'd be a darned fool not to do it.

After all, why should you care if I make $9.50 profit if I can show you how to make a *lot* more?

What if I'm so sure that you *will* make money my Lazy Man's Way that I'll make you the world's most unusual guarantee?

And here it is: I won't even cash your check or money order for 31 days *after* I've sent you my material.

That'll give you plenty of time to get it, look it over, try it out.

If you don't agree that it's worth *at least a hundred times* what you invested, send it back. Your *uncashed* check or money order will be put in the return mail.

The only reason I won't send it to you and bill you or send it C.O.D. is because both these methods involve more time and money.

And I'm already going to give you the biggest bargain of your life.

Because I'm going to tell you what it took me 11 years to perfect: How to make money the Lazy Man's Way.

O.K.—now I have to brag a little. I don't mind it. And it's necessary—to prove that sending me 10 dollars... which I'll keep "in escrow" until you're satisfied... is the smartest thing you ever did.

I live in a home that's worth $100,000. I know it is, because I turned down an offer for that much. My mortgage is less than half that, and the only reason I haven't paid it off is because my Tax Accountant says I'd be an idiot.

My "office," about a mile and a half from my home, is right on the beach. My view is so breathtaking that most people comment that they don't see how I get any work done. But I do enough. About 6 hours a day, 8 or 9 months a year.

The rest of the time we spend at our mountain "cabin." I paid $30,000 for it—cash.

I have 2 boats and a Cadillac. All paid for.

We have stocks, bonds, investments, cash in the bank. But the most important thing I have is priceless: time with my family.

And I'll show you just how I did it—the Lazy Man's Way—a secret I've shared with just a few friends 'til now.

It doesn't require "education." I'm a high school graduate.

It doesn't require "capital." When I started out, I was so deep in debt that a lawyer friend advised bankruptcy as the only way out. He was wrong. We paid off our debts and, outside of the mortgage, don't owe a cent to any man.

It doesn't require "luck." I've had more than my share, but I'm not promising you that you'll make as much money as I have. And you may do better; I personally know one man who used these principles, worked hard, and made 11 million dollars in 8 years. But money isn't everything.

It doesn't require "talent." Just enough brains to know what to look for. And I'll tell you that.

It doesn't require "youth." One woman I worked with is over 70. She's travelled the world over, making all the money she needs, doing only what I taught her.

It doesn't require "experience." A widow in Chicago has been averaging $25,000 a year for the past 5 years, using my methods.

What *does* it require? Belief. Enough to take a chance. Enough to absorb what I'll send you. Enough to put the principles into *action*. If you do just that—nothing more, nothing less—the results *will* be hard to believe. Remember—I guarantee it.

You don't have to give up your job. But you may soon be making so much money that you'll be able to. Once again—I guarantee it.

The wisest man I ever knew told me something I never forgot: "Most people are too busy earning a living to make any money."

Don't take as long as I did to find out he was right.

I'll prove it to you, if you'll send in the coupon now. I'm not asking you to "believe" me. Just try it. If I'm wrong, all you've lost is a couple of minutes and a postage stamp. But what if I'm right?

Sworn Statement:

"I have examined this advertisement. On the basis of personal acquaintance with Mr. Joe Karbo for 18 years and my professional relationship as his accountant, I certify that every statement regarding his personal and business status is true." [Accountant's name available upon request.]

Bank Reference:
American State Bank
675 South Main Street, Orange, California 92668

Joe Karbo
17105 South Pacific, Dept. 591-T
Sunset Beach, California 90742

Joe, you may be full of beans, but what have I got to lose? Send me the Lazy Man's Way to Riches. *But don't deposit my check or money order for 31 days after it's in the mail.*

If I return your material—for *any* reason—within that time, return my *uncashed* check or money order to me. On that basis, here's my ten dollars.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

© 1974 Joe Karbo

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The amazing story

It was made in England in the eighteenth century and it cracked the very first time it was rung on these shores. Yet for soldier and citizen it has remained an enduring symbol of Liberty and Freedom in the new republic. Read on about the Liberty Bell and about a rather shrewd investment some twentieth century Americans have been making in it.

IN 1751, the Province of Pennsylvania had a policy of individual freedom that much influenced the other colonies. It was fitting that when the Assembly of the Province decided to order a bell, they asked that on the bell's shoulder be inscribed the biblical phrase from Leviticus XXV. 10 "Proclaim liberty throughout all the land unto all the inhabitants thereof." Thomas Lester's Whitechapel Foundry in London was chosen to cast the bell and in September 1752, it arrived in America. Philadelphians gathered in the State House yard to hear it ring out. It cracked, however, upon the first strike, perhaps due to mishandling by amateur colonial bell hangers, eager to hear it. In 400 years, it was to be the only bell from Whitechapel's to have so cracked. "Two ingenious workmen", John Pass and John Stow recast it, but Norris did not like its tone and had it recast a second time. It was then hung in the State House tower; and for the next twenty years, it would ring out on the burning issues of the day. It loudly proclaimed the coronation of George III but was muffled as it sadly tolled the "death of liberty" when the Stamp Act was enforced in 1765.

THE BIRTH OF A NATION

On June 1, 1774, the bell was again muffled and toiled in sympathy with the people of Boston on the closing of their port. Following receipt of tidings of the Battle of Lexington, April 25, 1775, the bell called together 8,000 people (by computation) who assembled in the State House yard and agreed, unanimously, "to associate for the purpose of defending with arms, our lives, liberty and property against all attempts to deprive us of them."

The supreme effort of the bell to proclaim liberty was next in order. The historic second session of the Continental Congress was already underway, and the final break with Great Britain only a matter of weeks, perhaps days. The resolution sponsored by Richard Henry Lee was presented June 7, 1776, declaring "that these United Colonies are, and of right ought to be, free and independent states; that they are absolved from all allegiance to the British Crown and that all political connection between them and the State of Great Britain, is and ought to be totally dissolved;" In the interval, a special committee had been appointed to draft a formal statement. The Lee resolution was agreed to July 2, and the Declaration penned by Thomas Jefferson, after revision in the committee of the whole, adopted July 4. Then, on July 8, 1776, the bell rang to summon the patriots for the first public reading of the Declaration of Independence, which had been adopted four days earlier by the Continental Congress. The bell was now part of American history. The birth of an Independent Republic, the seed of a world power, was an accomplished fact. The old State House Bell, as it was then called, was now to "Proclaim liberty throughout all the land unto all the inhabitants thereof," to ring out independence, to have its sequel taken up in every town and hamlet, to set in motion a never-ceasing force against tyranny and oppression. When a British army threatened to occupy Philadelphia in 1777, the Bell was dramatically spirited away to nearby Allentown and hidden beneath the floor boards of the Zion Reform Church. After it was returned to Philadelphia in 1778 it pealed forth great news, ringing out loud and clear from Cornwallis's surrender in 1781 until it cracked again, permanently, in 1835. It has been cautiously rung many times since with a rubber mallet. In 1944, on D-Day, its muffled sound was broadcast over network radio.

IN COMMEMORATION

In friendly recognition of America's 200 years of Independence, the British government recently announced that the people of Great Britain are sending a birthday gift to the people of the United States. It will be a bell — a 10,000 pound super Bicentennial Bell — five times the weight of the Liberty Bell! A new tower to house the huge bell has already been erected at the new Visitors Center at Independence Hall National Park in Philadelphia. The gift bell will be cast in the spring of 1976 at the Whitechapel Foundry on the very site where the first Liberty Bell was cast. It will be delivered and installed in the Philadelphia tower to be rung for the first time on July 4, 1976.

To further commemorate the 200th anniversary of the Declaration of Independence in 1976, the same famous Whitechapel Bell Foundry of London (makers of the original Liberty Bell in 1752) has been casting a limited number of regular size Bicentennial Liberty Bells to the original design and on the original site. About 100 of the two thousand pound full-scale replicas are being cast, for delivery to communities throughout the Nation. These are being sold to non-profit organizations in communities across the nation under a strict allocation of only two bells per state for each of America's fifty states. Many have already been delivered. Bell number One has been consigned to the Smithsonian for their "Symbols of America" exhibit. The National Flag Foundation just unveiled their bell in Pittsburgh at the Carnegie Art Museum on July 4th this past summer. The Copernicus Society in Philadelphia recently received their bell, and another just went to a County Bicentennial Commission in California to be on exhibit at the Los Angeles County Fair. A chapter of the Young Men's League in Texas will be exhibiting their replica at the South Texas State Fair. A number of local Chamber of Commerce groups have ordered replicas. Two have gone to groups in Tennessee and another in Illinois. A west coast Liberty Bell Foundation and the Honor America organization in Florida are awaiting delivery of their replicas. There are only about thirty of these full-scale bells remaining that are not yet reserved.

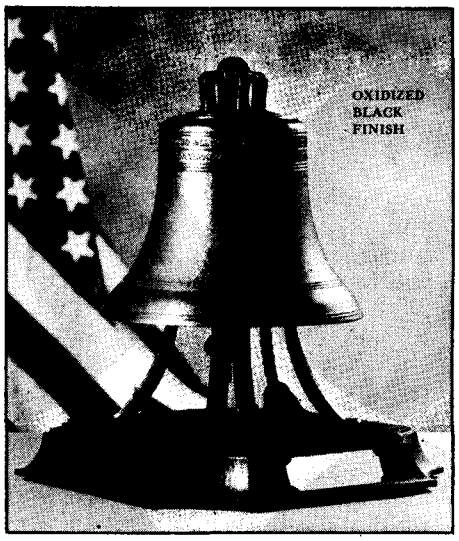
In addition to the 100 large bells Whitechapel is casting a Limited Edition of 2400 smaller 1/5 scale replicas utilizing a special process. Over 1700 of these bells have already been ordered and about 1400 of them have been delivered, thus far, to Americans throughout the U.S.A., with the backlog of 300 to be cast on schedule.

OFFICIAL SANCTION

This worthwhile project has been given the recognition, sanction and endorsement, of many organizations and official Government agencies. For instance, The Bicentennial Council of the Thirteen Original States, the non-profit organization comprised of state officials representing the Bicentennial Commissions of each of the thirteen original states, has designated each of the Whitechapel replicas as an "Official Bicentennial Commemorative Liberty Bell." The administrators of Independence National Historic Park, where the original Liberty Bell is enshrined, (operated by the National Park Service, U.S. Department of Interior) have also pledged their full cooperation in support of this Official Bicentennial Liberty Bell Project.

Many veterans groups, patriotic organizations, service clubs, local chambers of commerce, etc., have already invested in the ownership of one of the limited number of the smaller replicas. They plan to use them during the Bicentennial period and then retain them for their collector value thereafter. In fact, the value of early casting of the bells has already increased due to the rapid rate of inflation that has occurred in England during the past two years. When Whitechapel commenced casting the small replicas, the basic bell in the black finish sold for $756, as compared to its price today of $925. And the foundry just recently gave notice that due to further inflation, they will be forced to raise the price again, early in 1976. The purchase price of the replica in the oxidized black finish (the same color as the 1752 bell) is $925. In polished bronze it is $985 . . . in .999 Silver plate it is $1050 and in 22 karat gold plate it is $1460. These prices include duty, special crating, insurance and overseas shipment to the U.S.A.

Each 1/5 scale Liberty Bell replica weighs approximately 20 lbs. and stands 15½ inches high on a plynth of hand-carved Oak grown in Windsor Forest. A plate made from Old English sterling silver is mounted on the right hand side of the plynth, bearing the words "Cast by the Whitechapel Bell Foundry, London, to the Original Design of the Liberty Bell Cast by Them on the Same Site in the Year of Our Lord 1752". For the left hand side, a special hand-engraved matching silver plaque bearing the owners name and personal inscription can be ordered for $5.00 and 35¢ a letter for engraving.



The Bicentennial bells are exact in every particular to that cast in 1752 by Whitechapel's master founder, Thomas Lester, for the State House of Pennsylvania (now called Independence Hall). The Whitechapel Bell Foundry was founded in 1570 during the reign of Queen Elizabeth I. Many of its earliest bells are still in existence, including two bells at Westminster Abbey cast in 1583 and 1598. Among the recent bells from Whitechapel are those of Washington Cathedral, hung in 1964. The bells of Big Ben, which towers over the Houses of Parliament, were also cast at Whitechapel, as were the great bell of Bow in London in 1750 and the bells of St. Clement's in 1588, the year of the Spanish Armada. Both are remembered in the old nursery rhyme, "Oranges and Lemons." The bell itself is made in the manner of the original Liberty Bell, embossed with the quotation from Leviticus XXV. 10 in type face used by the original bellfounder, Thomas Lester. The clapper, drawn into a hand grip with a tasseled cord, strikes the walls of the bell and causes it to ring a perfectly-tuned note at each stroke. Each bell has been meticulously tuned (actually five partial tones are tuned together) to its final and perfect pitch — E Flat — the same tone as the 1752 bell. The bell will have no crack! It will sing its song as magnificently as the original Liberty Bell did when Lester tested it before it left London. In

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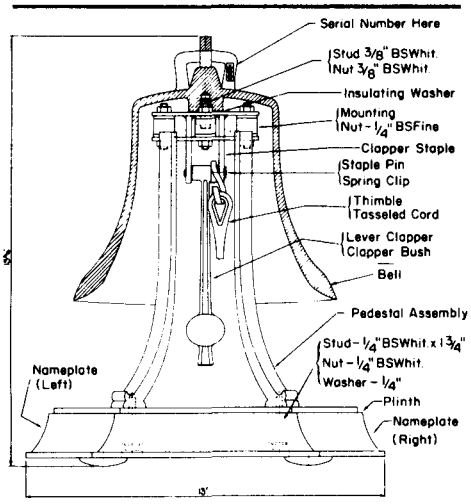
of the Liberty Bell

this way, the ancient and historic contract beween London and Philadelphia is fulfilled.

HOW TO MAKE A BELL

To make his reproduction possible, the Whitechapel Bell Foundry has incorporated and refined an ancient process which had not been used in bell-making for over 600 years but has been used mainly to reproduce exact detail in fine metallic art work. This is the cire perdu or "lost wax" method of bell-casting, which was recorded most notably in the 12th century by the medieval monk Theophilus in his "De Diversis Artibus", but which was subsequently superseded by the "false bell" method. The principal advantage of the "lost wax" process — and an absolute essential in the making of the Bicentennial Liberty Bell — is the high quality of the resultant castings, particularly where intricate or decorative work is involved. The Liberty Bell has an inscription of 170 separate letters, and this inscription proved disappointing when cast normally at a scaled-down ratio of five to one. To overcome this, and to preserve the clarity of the lettering at reduced size, the Whitechapel Bell Foundry evolved, after two years' research, a process which involved fashioning the primary pattern of the bell not in traditional clay but in wax of medieval bellmakers.



In essence, the technique at the primary stages is not dissimilar to that described by Theophilus, although now considerably refined. In short, it involves making a complete bell in wax, and then investing, or coating, this in a ceramic material.

PERFECTION OR DOOM

This ceramic material builds up very slowly in outer shell of some ten coats thickness, using a combination of first aqueous colloidal silica and then calcined china clay. This process, carried out by hand with immense care, is critical to the whole and takes about a week. Any error in the application can result in an imperfection, in which all of their exacting work is for naught, for each finished bell must be *perfect* or it is destroyed and consigned to the kiln.

The invested bell is then placed in a de-waxing furnace, which melts the original pattern, leaving only the ceramic shell — now the master pattern. This is baked at high temperature and provides the final mould from which the actual bell is then cast with molten bell metal. When the metal has cooled and hardened, the ceramic pattern is smashed away, leaving a magnificent bronze bell.

The casting, and all subsequent stages — such as tuning, polishing, and assembly — are done by conventional methods, the result being a bell of the highest authenticity. The process allows the foundry to capture the original lettering of 1752 — the precise form of the letters used by Thomas Lester was checked by reference to dozens of bells cast by him and still in use in steeples all over England.

MOUNTING

The mounting of the Bicentennial Liberty Bell has been carefully engineered and no detail has been spared to obtain absolute perfection. The bell is secured by a single center bolt inside its crown to a steel plate to which the jaws of the clapper staple are welded. The forged clapper swings between these jaws on a plated steel pin running in a nylon sleeve to ensure free silent action and perfect mechanical insulation. It is actuated by a silken tassel attached by a solid brass eyelet to a lever which is part of the clapper forging.

To provide the "give" necessary to insulate the bell and clapper together from the forged pedestal and oak base, and to enable it to absorb the occasional jolt in safety, the steel crown plate is connected to the pedestal through four special neoprene and rubber vibration mountings, which in turn are mounted on a steel ring which forms a common connection for the four "legs" of the pedestal. The lower ends, or feet, of these forgings are bolted through the oak plinth. In reducing a bell by scaling it down to one-fifth of its original size, the clapper must be reduced by the same scale to maintain the correct proportion; but while profiles can be scaled, "nature" cannot and the miniature clapper would not bring out the rich tone of the bell. This problem was overcome by introducing into the striking face of the clapper forging a "plug" made from a special type of nylon, which backed up by the weight of the clapper bell, ensures that the bell gives its full tonal resonance.

MADE TO ENDURE

Theophilus, writing on the intricacies of bell founding, stated "that the craft requires *not* indolent workmen, but keen dedicated men, for fear the bell be spoiled at some point in its manufacture." Whitechapel has ensured that nothing has been spared in the design and making of the Bicentennial Bells and their mountings and has fully maintained the ancient traditions of its craft. These bells have been made to *endure*. With proper care, there is no reason why they should not ring in the tercentary and quadricentary celebrations of these United States. Every bell is fully guaranteed — against any defect. And they are guaranteed *never* to crack!

Only 2,400 bells will be cast — each bell thus symbolically representing a separate month of independence. WHEN THE LIMITED EDITION IS COMPLETED, THE MASTER MOULD WILL BE DESTROYED. Only a limited number of Americans will ever have the privilege of owning one.

Less than 700 are still available for casting before the Bicentennial officially begins on July 4, 1976. At the end of September, approximately only 170 Oxidized Black, 265 Polished Bronze, 145 Silver plated and 110 Gold plated bells of the total 2400 remain to be cast.

A PRUDENT INVESTMENT

Although the bells have been available but a relatively short time, more than 1700 have already been snapped up by collectors, businesses, universities, and private individuals. Indeed a bell, purchased from one of the earlier castings, would already bring almost 30 percent more in resale at the established price.

While there are no direct comparisons, it is interesting to chart the continuous growth in value of certain other limited editions exported from Great Britain during recent years. The Winston Churchill Commemorative Medal struck in London in 1965 increased in value by 80 percent within two years. Perhaps the record is held by a pair of Dorothy Doughty quail, issued by the Worcester Royal Porcelain Company in 1940 as part of a limited edition, which fetched about $50,000 in a spirited auction recently. To take a more ordinary example, a porcelain figure of Princess Elizabeth, part of a 1947 limited edition, sold for $280 each, is now valued at over $4,000.

GOOD TO GET – GOOD TO GIVE

Of the nearly fourteen hundred bells thus delivered, each has been received with absolute satisfaction. Historical Societies, Foundations, Businesses, Churches, Museums, even Government Agencies, have been, without exception, well pleased. So, too, have the most finicky of private collectors. A number of generous subscribers have ordered the bells for the purpose of donating them to Universities, Colleges, and Museums. Some subscribers order one for themselves (and their families) and another to donate. Such a gift will be long-remembered.

If you wish to commission the casting of a bell, we urge you to fill out the coupon below and send it at once, along with your deposit, to avoid disappointment. Since less than 700 replicas remain and the total readership of *National Review* magazine is estimated to be over 500,000 people, we must insist on the following terms: serial numbers will be assigned strictly on the basis of time of receipt, and we cannot guarantee early delivery of any order received beyond 30 days from the date of this offer.

Each bell is fully and unconditionally guaranteed. They are not available in stores, nor will orders from stores be accepted.

LIMITED EDITIONS COLLECTORS SOCIETY

NR

Subsidiary of The Sturges Corp., 160 Old Derby Road, Liberty Plain
Hingham, Massachusetts 02043

To: Mr. Douglas Hughes, Master Founder, Whitechapel Bell Foundry
I wish to commission the casting of a Liberty Bell Replica in the finish checked below. Please make a casting reservation and assign a serial number to me. I understand that upon completion of my bell I will receive an owner's certificate and will be listed in your Master Founder's directory as the original owner. The bells in this limited edition are serially numbered in the order in which payment or deposits are received.

Signature_____

Name_____
(Please Print)

Street_____

City_____

State_____ Zip_____

Select One Finish

High Gloss Gold	$1460	☐
High Gloss Silver	$1050	☐
Polished Bronze	$ 985	☐
Oxidized Black	$ 925	☐

Please make a check payable to The Liberty Bell Limited Edition. and mail to Limited Editions Collectors Society, 160 Old Derby Road, Hingham, Mass. 02043

☐ Payment in full is enclosed ☐ Charge my *deposit* to: BankAmericard No._____

☐ $100 deposit enclosed Master Charge No._____

Expiration Date_____

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FOR THE RECORD

■ Doomsaying: **James Schlesinger** in February *Fortune*: "A specter is haunting Europe . . . the specter of Soviet hegemony . . . at no point since the 1930s has the Western world faced so formidable a threat to its survival." The ex-Secretary of Defense says Soviets outspend U.S. on defense by at least 45 per cent. . . . Sen. **John Culver** (D., Iowa; ADA rating 100 per cent) has released a **Library of Congress** study showing that Soviets have quantitative military advantage and that U.S. qualitative advantage "is slowly slipping away." . . . A report by **Joint Committee on Atomic Energy** echoes Library of Congress study, adds that some nuclear experts believe "the massive Soviet effort" may soon allow Soviets "to maximize their political advantage"—i.e., engage in nuclear blackmail to impose their will on the world. . . . *Aviation Week & Space Technology* reports latest achievements of Soviet science: another new series of intercontinental ballistic missiles, an advanced submarine-launched ballistic missile, and a maneuvering re-entry vehicle for the new strategic systems. . . . General **Alexander Haig**, commander of NATO forces in Europe, says "explosion of Soviet military capabilities . . . far exceeds the requirements of a purely defense posture. . . . We are getting to the fine edge of disaster." . . . "The actions of the **Warsaw Pact forces** are having a major influence in shaping the situation not only in Europe but far beyond Europe"; Warsaw Pact forces have a "visibly increased preponderance" and may be in position "to lay down the direction of international politics"—**Andrei Gromyko**, Soviet foreign minister.

■ Behind-the-scenes battle over **SALT II** is getting bloody. On one side Secretary of State **Henry Kissinger**, who has warned that failure to reach agreement could cost the U.S. as much as $20 billion over five-year period. Kissinger's many critics accuse him of many deceits in his recent Soviet dealings. Among charges: he offered Soviets a proposal that National Security Council had already rejected; just before he left for Moscow he extracted concession from **Ford** that NSC probably would have vetoed. Where does Ford stand? Kissinger supporters are sure he will remain right behind his Secretary of State; "everything will be fine," says one Kissinger man, "if the President just keeps his sights on November." SALT I was signed in 1972, year of last presidential election. . . . Congressional investigations of **CIA** have boomeranged. Administration, not Congress, will do the renovating of CIA. *Washington Post* reports that oversight provisions resulting from investigations will be weaker than those already in force. Two major reasons for turnaround: murder of **Richard Welch** and massive leaks from **Pike** committee report.

Gurbutt Rothco

"How does it feel to be a well-known CIA secret agent?"

■ African dominoes? **Ethiopia** claims neighboring **Somalia** has "begun a war of subversion" in Ethiopia's southern and eastern provinces. U.S. is Ethiopia's main arms supplier and USSR is main supplier to Somalia. (Without much fanfare, Soviet Union has begun construction of second military base in Somalia.) . . . U.S. arms embargo against **Turkey**, in its ninth month, is having effect. Soviet Union has opened a $540-million iron and steel complex in Iskenderon and granted Turkey a $700-million credit agreement. West German Defense Minister **Georg Leber**, after visit to Turkey, called U.S. embargo stupid and shortsighted. . . . Some members of Congress having second thoughts about congressional ventures in foreign policy. Rep. **William S. Broomfield** (R., Mich.) concedes that congressional activism "has made it almost impossible for the United States to carry out an effective foreign policy." . . . **Gavril Superfin**, a former assistant to **Aleksandr Solzhenitsyn**, was sentenced in May 1974 to five years in prison and two in exile in Siberia for helping to produce underground journal, *A Chronicle of Current Events*. **Andrei Sakharov** reports Superfin began a hunger strike on January 22 when guards seized his Bible. Superfin is reported to have weighed 99 pounds at the start of his strike. . . . Detente comes to **Olympics**: Acting on a complaint from Communist countries, International Olympic Committee withdrew accreditation from staff of **Radio Free Europe** and **Radio Liberty**. Communists had made complaint at previous Olympics, but, up until this year, to no avail.

■ Not heard in sound and furor over **Concorde**: the U.S. military fleet of 4,300 supersonic warplanes that make more than 40,000 faster-than-sound flights over the United States every year.

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LETTERS

(Continued from page 190)

Chain Gang was a typical example of Hollywood monkeying with facts for the sake of social comment. The story was based upon an actual experience; however, the protagonist of the drama suffered defeat "at the hands of unbridled authority" and succumbed to "unrelieved despair," while in real life the principal character was given sanctuary by the state of New Jersey. He wrote his story, which was sold to magazines and published as a book; the film rights were sold to Warner Brothers. All of this hardly adds up to defeat and unrelieved despair.

Douglasville, Ga. WILLIAM C. WILSON

In the Name of God

Mr. Abraham Kalish's letter [Feb. 6] points to one significant difference between the U.S. Declaration of Independence and the French Declaration of the Rights of Man. The most significant difference, however, seems to me to be this: the American Declaration, like the Swiss, is based on an expressed belief in God (all men . . . are endowed by their Creator with certain . . . rights). The Swiss Declaration begins unequivocally with "In the Name of God, Amen."

Thomas Jefferson knew what he wanted to say, and said it well. Unless one is willing to accept Jefferson's formulation—"endowed by their Creator"—do not the Franch *égalité* and our "egalitarianism" become absurd? In view of the proof to the contrary that anyone may find in any maternity ward, is it not ridiculous to say that all men are born equal? Or that Jefferson, who used words with the reverential care of a dedicated craftsman, meant "born" when he wrote "created"?

Furthermore, as my revered former city editor pointed out when I was a young reporter, Jefferson's choice of the term "unalienable" was nothing short of a touch of genius, for it has no synonym. It signifies not only rights that cannot be taken from their possessors but, much more significantly, rights of which the possessor cannot dispossess himself. Cannot? Why not? This prohibition, with its built-in suggestion that disobedience brings its own deserved punishment, is what makes the word unique.

Fenton, Mich. CHRISTY BORTH

Rhodesia and Her Neighbors

Frelimo guerrillas have not "for years been infiltrating into white-held Rhodesia" as Elspeth Huxley says ["The Struggle for Detente in Africa," Nov. 7]. They have always preferred to face Portuguese rather than Rhodesian forces. Border crossings have usually been accidental, due to bad maps and ill-defined frontiers.

Secondly, Zambian copper is not bottled up by sanctions. The railway through Rhodesia is always open to Kaunda. His refusal to use a "white" railway is the real reason for the bottling up. The alternative routes through Angola and the Tanzam road and rail links suffer, respectively, from war, low efficiency, and a steep rise in port charges at Dar es Salaam. If Kaunda refuses to use the cheapest and most efficient route, this can hardly be blamed on Rhodesia.

I am surprised that Mrs. Huxley's long experience in Africa can allow her to shrug off the effects of tribalism with "many Africans would vote for Nkomo because he is Matabele." Experience shows only Matabele would vote for Nkomo and only Shona for Muzorewa (if he were to renounce his self-imposed exile). The Matabele word for Shona and dog are the same, and no Matabele would suffer rule by the numerically superior Shona. African rule in Rhodesia would produce the same result as in Angola, since the two tribes have been bitter enemies for the past hundred years.

However, Mrs. Huxley's major error is that black rule is "inevitable" and must be implemented rapidly to avoid racial war. African nationalism, without Communist support, could be contained by a police force smaller than New York's—and with fewer weapons. Surely *NR* realizes that Communist arms are given to advance Communist aims and not black democracy, and that once the Rhodesian question was settled another excuse for intervention would be found.

Salisbury, Rhodesia W. G. EATON

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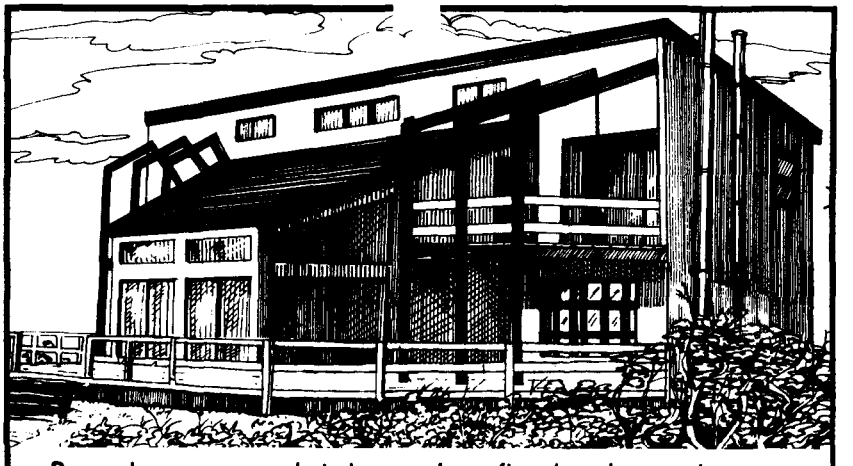

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THE WEEK

■ James Edmondson, the performer known as Professor Backwards, was kidnapped and slain in Atlanta last week. Reported NBC: "Passers-by ignored his pleas of '!pleH !pleH.' "

■ "I happen to believe that Nelson Rockefeller would be a good President. I wouldn't differ with him much and I would agree with him completely on foreign policy, which, after all, is the most important thing we do in this country. . . . I believe Rocky would be a damn good President now that he has ended his liberal drift. I think he'd be fine." Pronouncing that judgment: none other than Barry Goldwater, in a recent interview over KTTV in Los Angeles. What can Senator Goldwater have in mind? First of all, he knows as well as anyone else that Nelson Rockefeller's chances of securing the Republican nomination in 1976 rest somewhere on the scale just below Chubby Checker's, if rather above Raúl Castro's. Rockefeller lacked the political clout in the national Republican Party to preserve even his vice presidential future; the last and only Republican primary Rockefeller ever won was in 1964 in Oregon. New York State remains a political, economic, and legal can of worms—and the indictments that may well be forthcoming after the SEC and other investigators finish their work could include some surprising names. Some hypotheses: 1) Goldwater had nothing in mind; 2) Goldwater was continuing in his recent role as Elder Statesman, one aspect of which is an attitude of benevolence toward all and sundry; 3) Goldwater, never all that warm toward Ronald Reagan, is signaling that, in the event of a Ford collapse, he is in the market for another candidate; 4) remembering 1964, Goldwater was "stroking" Rockefeller, in the hope that if Reagan or some other candidate is nominated, Rocky will not—as once before, Goldwater of all men remembers—go completely off the reservation.

■ And a belated Valentine to Professor John Roche, for his *TV Guide* column on televised coverage of the CIA and Angolan problems. The networks, he notes, have treated these entirely in moralistic rather than practical and strategic terms. Take it away, Professor: "I suddenly realized that the networks live in an ecclesiastical universe, that they have taken as their goal the quest for Salvation . . . they do not see themselves as helpers, devoted to providing the populace with information upon which it can make informed judgments, but as spiritual directors, charged with leading their parishioners to the City of God. . . . It is now clear that, once they heard the rumor that God was dead, the networks moved to fill the spiritual vacuum in our society, but the public was never informed of this self-elevation. The solution thus becomes simple: henceforth all commentators shall be awarded, according to their merits, ecclesiastical titles. Americans listening to Abbot Sevareid, Cardinal Archbishop Cronkite, Archdeacon Chancellor, and their brethren will then realize they are being uplifted, not informed."

■ He would be a reckless prophet who pretended to unravel the mystery of the appointment (and who, by the way, does the appointing?) of the hitherto obscure Hua Kuo-feng as China's Acting Prime Minister in place of Chou En-lai, who died last month. It will take time as well as prescience to tell the story. We do note that: 1) The announcement was made the day after the report of Mr. and Mrs. Nixon's safari to Peking, and we cannot help suspecting, given the intricately embroidered political mode of the Chinese, that the two items are somehow linked. (See below, "Nixon Goes to China.") 2) Hua is 15 or so years younger than Teng Hsiao-ping, the Senior Deputy Prime Minister who was the odds-on favorite to succeed Chou. Maybe the leadership feels it is a bit heavy with ancients for the tasks ahead. 3) Picking someone well down the list is often a sign of irreconcilable differences—political, personal, or both—among the higher-ups. 4) Teng was purged in the hardline Cultural Revolution and later rehabilitated. He is known as something of a "pragmatist" in the less rigid Chou style. Passing him by (if he is really passed by for good) might be a way of making a turn toward the hard. 5) It has been mentioned, but nowhere commented on, that Hua Kuo-feng's job has been: Minister of Public Security; that is, head of the national police force, special border and internal security organizations, and the secret police—the core of the totalitarian apparatus. That, too, suggests a turn toward hard, at home certainly, quite possibly abroad.

■ Joseph Frolik, a defector from the upper ranks of the Czechoslovak intelligence service, has told the Senate Internal Security Subcommittee that the Czech service, "directed and coordinated by the KGB," has had as objects of its surveillance the AFL-CIO, the NAACP, the American Civil Liberties Union, and—Ralph Nader. Nader, according to Mr. Frolik, has generated "quite [an]

Hope Lies Eternal

With New York State a shambles
  And New York City sick,
You'd think that Rockefeller would
  Consider arsenic;
But if the Ford team founders
  And Reagan rules supreme,
He'll give us all just one more chance
  To consummate his dream.

W. H. von Dreele

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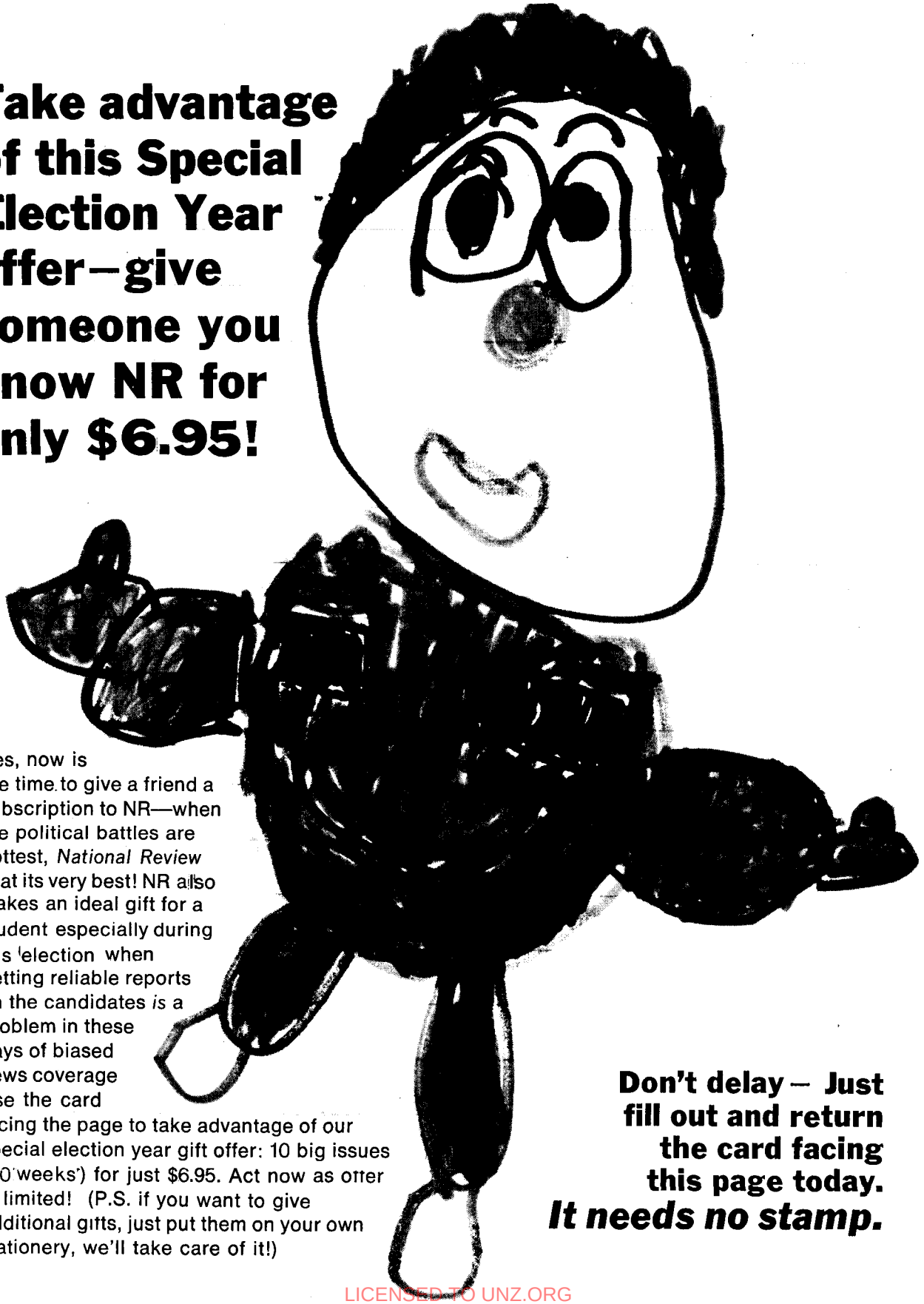

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exceptional amount of interest" on the part of the Czechs; "he is such a powerful figure in [the] public life of the United States" that they have "decided that it would be useful to recruit him, if such a chance would exist in the future." Sorry, KGB. Ralph may be a son of a bitch, but he's our son of a bitch.

■ First reports of the Soviet bugging of the U.S. embassy in Moscow were kind of farfetched. There was talk that the microwave radiation beams used to activate the machines were dangerous to pregnant women, could cause psoriasis, cataracts, skin cancer, and possibly even emotional illness. Thomas Johnson, the embassy doctor, quashed, sort of, all such fears with his statement that "nothing on the ground floor" of the embassy poses "a significant health hazard." And our kudos to U.S. Ambassador Walter J. Stoessel Jr. for his efforts to keep news of the bugging from leaking to the American press. If detente is kept strong, it will be largely because of men like Stoessel.

■ The Quotable James A. Wechsler: "To depict the congressional stand on Angola as a manifestation of cowardice is the sort of reckless jingoism that beguiles and bewilders rabid Reaganites."

■ We are not amused, is the word from Downing Street. The provocation was a Buchwaldish article in the *Times* (London) listing new meanings for old words—e.g., "Communism" and "fascism," once the names of specific political systems, but now terms used in "ritual abuse of those with whom the speaker does not agree"; and, the kicker, "Truth: originally, a concept with a number of associated meanings complicated enough to occupy a wrangle of philosophers for a century. Now, little more than the official line uttered by a Downing Street spokesman or some other professional liar." Harold Wilson's press officer not only didn't laugh, he sued. What the plaintiff will contend is hard to imagine. That he doesn't lie? That the *Times* can't prove he lies? That he's an amateur liar? The *Times*, which has reported the case, had to get its information secondhand: it and the press officer are no longer on speaking terms.

■ Say—wouldn't it be great to put a volume of Keats into every mud hut and igloo on the globe? Ten years ago, UNESCO thought so too. It didn't say so in just those words, of course: the formula was something about "eradicating illiteracy," an expression that suggests you can just yank the inability to read right out of the soil, if you pull hard enough. Well, UNESCO has thrown in the towel, admitting in a new report that its ambitious program was a flop: there are 65 million more illiterates now than in 1965. There were some bright spots, though: the report commends the Sudan for passing a law requiring employers to provide reading instruction for their workers. True, "the law was not fully enforced." But, as so often at the UN, it's the thought that counts.

■ The Jacwill Casket Company of Knightstown, Indiana has sold 400 of its "Spirit of '76" caskets, which are red, white, and blue and adorned with little American flags.

■ A pig with human features was born on a small farm near Barranquilla, Colombia, causing some panic among the local residents who considered it a "diabolical manifestation." The piglet survived only two hours, and no effort was made to locate the father.

■ A one-cent postage stamp issued in 1851, one of only two unused specimens known, has been auctioned for $57,500, most ever for a U.S. stamp, at least for the time being, first-class rates catching up as fast as they are.

Reagan vs. Ford in N. H.

On the eve of the February 24 New Hampshire primary, the Republican contest shapes up this way. Ford has some of the important advantages of incumbency. When Air Force One swoops down on a smallish New Hampshire city, that in itself generates plenty of local excitement; and Ford has been speaking to friendly crowds. He also shows an impressive grasp of the details of his budget, and stresses the point that he can stand on his record and has grappled with real decisions, while Reagan can offer only promises as far as the Presidency is concerned.

In New Hampshire, however, Reagan also has formidable assets. He has out-organized Ford by a significant margin. The Research Analysis Corporation conducted a survey for the *Boston Globe* that reached the following conclusions: "In interviews with 849 Republicans and Republican-leaning independents, callers found that 199 voters (23.4 per cent) had been contacted by campaign workers for either Mr. Ford or Reagan, or both. Of that total, 81 per cent (161 voters) had been contacted by Reagan people, while only 27 per cent (54 voters) were contacted by Ford workers." In the closing phase of the primary campaign, the Ford organization switched from its house-to-house canvass to a telephone approach in order to close the quantitative gap.

The Research Analysis Corporation also conducted in-depth questioning in an attempt to determine voter perception of the rival Republican candidates. In about fifteen of the twenty categories explored, Ford and Reagan evoked roughly similar responses. In five potentially significant categories, however, voter perceptions showed a sharp difference:

	Ford	%	Reagan	%
He'd really clean up the welfare mess	11		50	
He would be too soft with Russia and China	42		13	
He'd really take charge and get things done	19		48	
Has spoken out strongly against forced school busing	14		38	
Attractive and a polished speaker	8		58	

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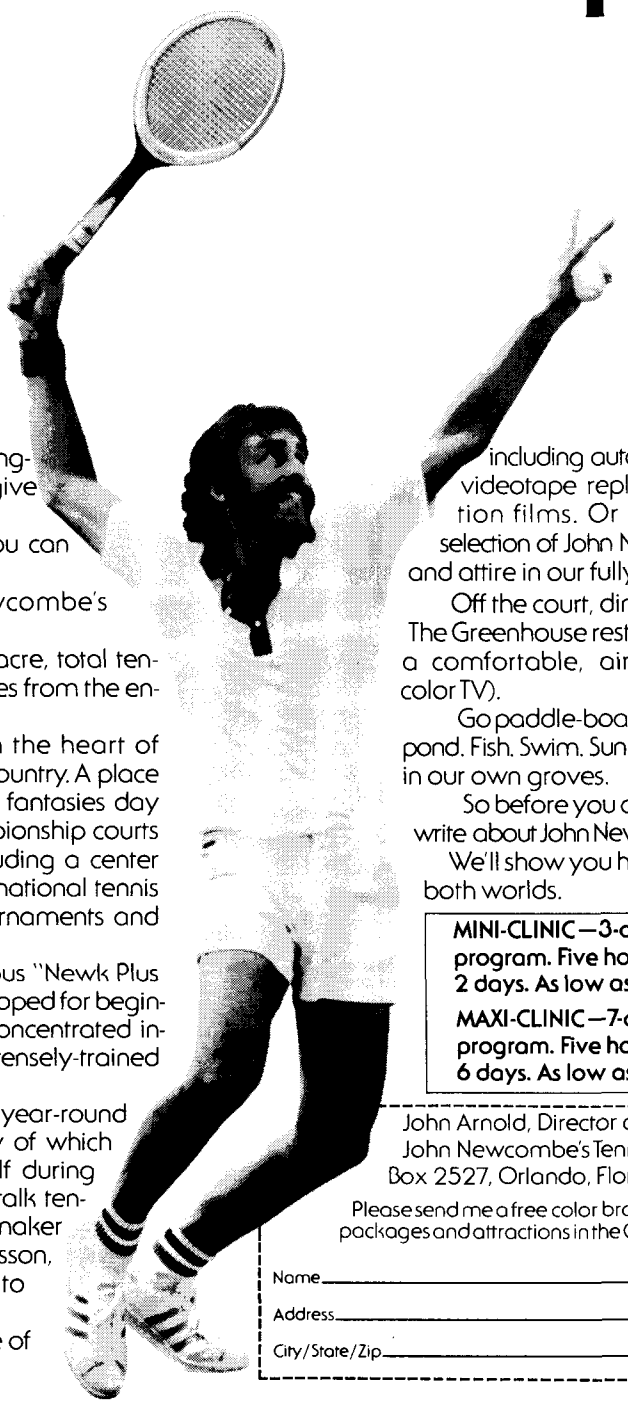

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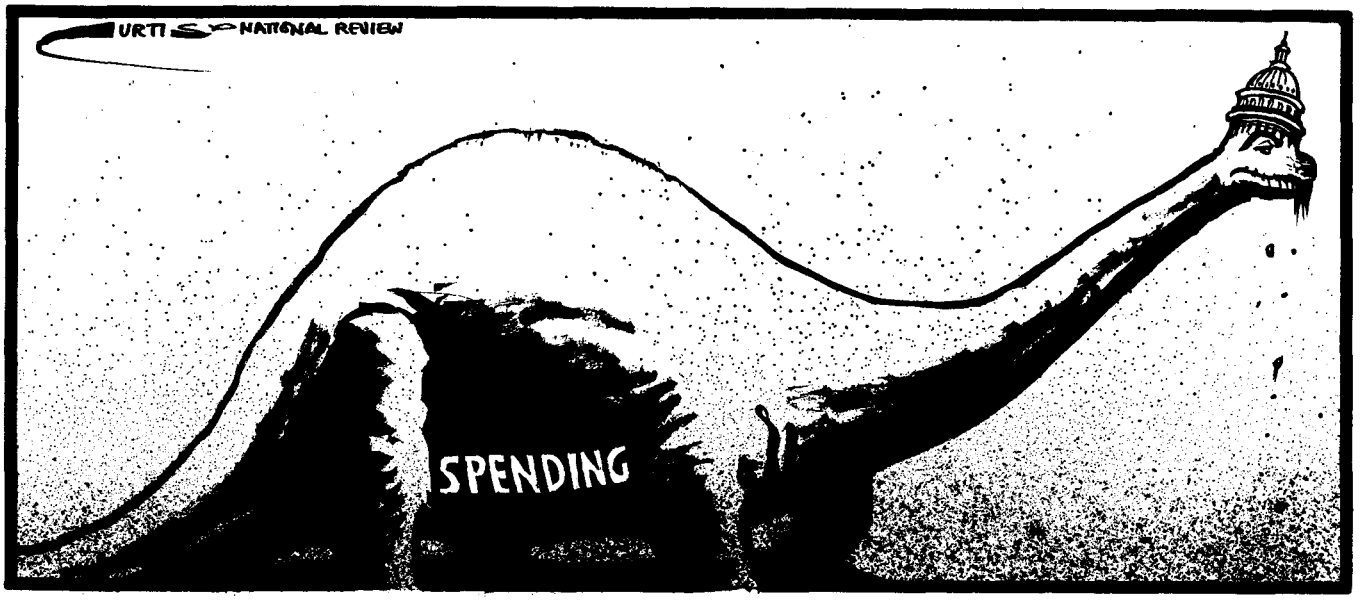

Among those who have definitely decided to vote, the survey found Reagan ahead 43 to 34, but offered no prediction as to the winner, noting the tendency of voter sentiments to shift rapidly during a primary campaign.

On the issues, the differences between Reagan and Ford may often be perceived as a matter of degree, but those differences tend to result in fairly sharp differences in political identity. Ford campaigns as the candidate of the moderate-to-conservative Republican establishment. Reagan takes positions much more sharply critical of federal social spending, rejects the Administration's Panama Canal negotiating stance, criticizes detente as a one-way street, supports right-to-work legislation in contrast to Ford's shifting position on the common situs bill, and takes much sharper positions on busing and abortion. Reagan thus emerges as the candidate more decisively critical of the status quo, and he attempts to appeal to the deep discontents of conservatives and large numbers of independents.

More than Campaign Footnotes

Attention so far focuses on the major politicians running in the New Hampshire primary, but two other candidates now in the field possess special interest and conceivably could have a greater long-range impact than the more widely known figures. Each of these "minor" candidates is running on a single issue, but in each case that single issue is a profound one, and connected with an entire range of other issues.

1. Wallace Johnson appears on the New Hampshire ballot as a Republican candidate for the Vice Presidency. Johnson is no political naïf: as mayor of Berkeley, California from 1963 to 1971, he knows how rough politics can get; and he is also a successful businessman. In the summer of 1975, Johnson perceived an issue that might crystallize public indignation over federal spending, inflation, and congressional fiscal irresponsibility. Just before Congress adjourned in July it attached almost surreptitiously to a postal employee safety bill a provision that would totally insulate congressmen and 17,000 other federal officials against the effects of inflation. The measure raised congressional salaries to $44,625 per year; but, more important, it contained an indexing provision by which such salaries would rise automatically to keep pace with inflation. President Ford quickly signed this virtually invisible piece of legislation into law, and everyone went on vacation.

Except Wallace Johnson. He immediately filed a taxpayer's suit in San Francisco Federal Court challenging the constitutionality of the measure. And he decided to make it a voting issue by running for the Vice Presidency in the New Hampshire primary. "I am in this primary," he says, "to make the American people aware of an incredible situation. The politicians who are supposed to be trying to control inflation don't have to worry personally about our number one national problem any more. By enacting this pay raise legislation, they have completely insulated themselves from the inflation we citizens have to face every day."

Johnson seems to be catching on in New Hampshire, and he has received wide support in the local newspapers. He has also flustered some of the major politicians. Ford's New Hampshire campaign head, Representative James Cleveland, has co-authored a House resolution to repeal the special inflation protection. But his principal, the President, opposes repeal. Jimmy Carter and Ronald Reagan have come out for repeal, and New Hampshire Senator John Durkin conspicuously returned his pay raise to the U.S. Treasury. But Birch Bayh is against repeal, and could be hurt by this stand. Wallace Johnson thus has shrewdly seized upon a metaphor for much that is rotten in Washington, and he may be able to drive his point home in New Hampshire.

2. Ellen McCormack is running in both the New

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Hampshire and Vermont primaries as the Right-to-Life candidate for the Presidency. Her strategy takes advantage of the new federal legislation providing matching funds for candidates able to raise $5,000 in twenty states with no individual giving more than $250. Some, like Representative Charles Wiggins (R., Calif.), have objected that the federal legislation was not intended to provide funds for "single issue" candidates like Ellen McCormack. In answer to this objection, several points could be made. There is no basis in the text of the law for Representative Wiggins' contention. Moreover, it could be argued that abortion is not a "single issue," but engages many other important ones. Nor is it easy to see why such flies-of-a-summer candidates as Terry Sanford or Lloyd Bentsen should be legitimate recipients of matching funds, while Ellen McCormack is not. The campaign legislation may be defective, but she appears to have qualified. Her campaign will have an important educational aspect. All the evidence suggests that when the average person discovers what actually takes place in an abortion, and what even a relatively new "fetus" actually looks like, opposition to abortion rises dramatically. In the 1972 Michigan referendum, for example, a media campaign shifted public opinion within a few weeks from 50 to 37 pro-abortion to 61 to 39 anti-abortion. Buoyed by her federal matching funds, Ellen McCormack will embark on a consciousness-raising campaign.

Truth or Consequences?

It was one Patty Hearst answering questions in Judge Oliver J. Carter's courtroom last week in a monotonic, almost inaudible voice, well groomed and neat in her apricot pantsuit, a child of the Establishment unaccountably in trouble with the law. It was quite another Patty Hearst who shouted her defiance at the FBI men who captured her last September, raising her clenched fist, laughing with reporters, taunting the lawmen, swearing eternal loyalty to the Revolution. And yet that taunting rebel of September—the unrepentant, still mesmerized Tania—may have made more plausible, not less, the presumptively implausible story she and her attorney, F. Lee Bailey, told Judge Carter last week.

How was it possible, no matter how brainwashed she had been in the first weeks of her captivity, how traumatized by terror, that Patty Hearst could not have snapped out of it sometime in the 18 months that followed the shootout in Los Angeles, and made good her escape? Could the fear that began in the dark closet of the SLA hideout have been so deeply imbedded in her psyche that she was in fact unable to break away from her colleague-jailers in all that time, even in the cross-country drive? And if this was so—and this is Patty Hearst's defense, as organized by her attorney—how had this been brought about?

"Whatever Lola wants, Lola gets," go the lyrics of a well-known song. What Patricia Hearst had wanted all her life, Patricia Hearst had got. When, as a teenager, she had set her cap at a young teacher, Steve Weed, she persuaded her parents to transfer her to the school in which he taught, and she promptly had an affair with him. In due course she moved in with him, in an apartment her parents rented for her, and adopted the lifestyle of the day, a lifestyle that was big on personal gratification, short on responsibility, unmindful of hurt to family and friends. She was doing her thing.

But when Patty Hearst got more than she had asked for, at much more than the usual cost of selfish peccadillos, when she was brutally put to the test, seemingly there was nothing there to sustain her: no religion (she had dropped away from the Church years before), no feeling of community with family, with class, with culture, with country—no underpinnings to strengthen her will to resist. America's prisoners of war in Vietnam had shown what disciplined men of resolution could endure if the goal—in their case, simply God and Country—was kept in sight, cherished, honored. But Patty Hearst, untrained, undisciplined, pitifully young—totally unmotivated—had nothing. And succumbed.

Somehow, as she unfolded her well-planned, well-rehearsed story last week—free now from histrionics—she made it seem almost believable. F. Lee Bailey had obviously instructed her to underplay it, touch only lightly on the horror. She was not raped, she was "sexually assaulted." She was not beaten up repeatedly, she was "subjected to physical duress . . . I had a black eye." She told a story with holes you could drop the Grand Canyon through, but despite it all, Patricia Hearst, in her first presentation in Judge Carter's court, was more convincing than Tania the Bank Robber, Tania the Revolutionary posing with tommy gun in front of the coiled serpent of the SLA. And more pitiable.

Congratulations, Secretary Coleman

The Concorde decision that Transportation Secretary William Coleman rendered February 4 strikes us as the best piece of work that has come out of Washington since . . . at the moment, we can't recall since when. We liked, to begin with, the way Mr. Coleman presented it to us citizens. He didn't just give an order and list the rules and regulations in the standard bureaucratic manner. He explained "in great detail the reasons for [his] action," so that "the public can judge the fairness and objectivity of such action." He realizes that his decision "will be unpopular in some quarters," but he notes with justifiable pride that "it has been made openly and in accordance with our democratic traditions." Refreshing. A procedure which, if it had been followed by the upper echelons of the Executive during the past decade, might have forestalled a good many problems and sorrows.

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LETTER FROM WASHINGTON

Many White House staffers are bewildered by what they view as Gerald Ford's inscrutable campaign strategy. Reagan is running ahead in Florida and New Hampshire, they believe, primarily because of his personal appearance blitzkrieg. If Ford is to stop him, they argue, he has to mount a similar drive, and mount it soon. But influential Ford advisors insist that the President's campaign appearances will remain minimal. The reason: these advisors feel Ford is no match for Reagan as a speaker. They recall, for instance, the President's disastrous performance during the congressional campaign of '74. Most of the candidates he spoke for lost, and, during the last weeks of the campaign, congressional staffers were begging the White House to dissuade Ford from appearing in their districts. Then there's the problem of issues. Ford, like Reagan, is attacking runaway spending and the bloated bureaucracy. But Ford is nominally in charge of that bureaucracy and thus, by attacking it, gives the impression that he can't control it. In desperation, Ford staffers have finally seized on a limited-appearance, chalk-talk approach, in which Ford explains his budget to local officials, something the White House has been busy publicizing as a Ford plus, pointing out that no President since Truman has shown such a grip on federal facts and figures. Snorts one Reagan supporter: "They talk about making him appear presidential, as if that's some external quality you can apply with a brush. If the only way they can apply presidentiality is by showing us that Ford understands his own budget, then they're in even more trouble than we thought."

■ Slip of the tongue? Questioned at a recent press conference about the effect of the Supreme Court decision on campaign spending, Nelson Rockefeller replied, "I'm not the only one running for office." Which office? Rocky refused to elaborate, but long-time Rockefeller aides have been saying in private for some time now that he's definitely gearing up for one more run around the presidential track. A series of ten speeches on national affairs has been scheduled by the Veep's office, none of which at this stage mentions Gerald Ford's accomplishments. Rockefeller, say loyalists, has never been in better shape to run. As Vice President he maintains high national visibility, without the handicap of being involved with unpopular programs and policies, a position he recently solidified by cutting all decision-making ties with the Domestic Council. And the Supreme Court decision on campaign spending means that he can rely heavily on family financing. As of now, the word is that if Reagan takes Ford out in Florida and New Hampshire and runs well in Illinois, Rockefeller will then announce.

■ If Ford is nominated, who'll replace Rocky? The most intriguing possibility is John Connally, back in business again, this time as a member of Ford's Intelligence Advisory Board. Despite the stigma of the 1975 bribery charges, high-level White House staffers are seriously floating Connally's name. One reason: Ford is in deep trouble in Texas, where the May primary is an absolute must for the Republican nomination. Texas Republicans, fighting mad at what they view as Ford's fudging on energy legislation, are expected to defect to Reagan in droves or to support a favorite son ticket headed by Connally. If he's promised a shot at the Vice Presidency, the reasoning goes, Connally will agree to hold the Texas delegation for Ford. And even if for PR reasons Connally is ruled out as Veep at the convention, he could be in line for a high Cabinet post.

■ Also being talked about as a bright prospect for Veep is Elliot Richardson, whose low-profile, humdrum Cabinet slot at Commerce is not likely to interest him for long. But Richardson is not acceptable to the Republican Right, and people who know him claim that he covets Kissinger's job, a post for which he is reportedly being touted by Ford intimates Melvin Laird and Donald Rumsfeld, both of whom are said to believe that it is time Kissinger stepped down.

■ APRIL FOOL: GM heir Stewart Mott, bubbly bankroller of liberal-leftist political causes, is sending out newsletters, letting us know what he's into these days. The first ends this way: "As for sports, hobbies, sex life and romance (what's the difference?), religion (that's humanism and politics to me), travel, family, pets, lodging, other fun and games or occult pursuits, well, folks, that's another newsletter. Should I schedule it for April Fools' Day?"

—CATO

We liked, too, Mr. Coleman's recognition of the fact that there is always and inevitably a tradeoff when something new comes along. In this world your choice is never between a perfect Good and an absolute Evil, but between mixed bags, and Mr. Coleman didn't pretend that it is any different with Concorde. The best you can do is to look at the facts and try to come to a reasoned and reasonable conclusion.

Essentially, Mr. Coleman's decision rests on these considerations: 1) The only way to evaluate objectively the arguments that have been made for and against Concorde (and, more generally, supersonic transports) is by an adequate operational test. 2) A 16-month test run of three regular Europe-America commercial flights a day would enable us to assemble the evidence necessary to answer the major questions that have been raised. (Sixteen months is the required time span in order to include observations over all four seasons, with a four-month period for analysis of the data.) 3) A limited, carefully monitored test of this sort will be accompanied by some inconvenience (e.g., a minor occasional addition to the existing racket near the two airports), but holds no threat of either serious or lasting adverse effects. When U.S. military aircraft are presently flying 800 supersonic flights over U.S. territory daily, three daily Concorde flights restricted to subsonic speeds in U.S. airspace are not going to make much difference one way or another to the ozone and human skin. 4) On any indication of trouble, the Concorde flights will be canceled. 5) This limited program is in accord with our obligations under the international air transport treaties and our friendly relations with France and Britain. "Who could confidently take it upon himself to treat the aircraft of our allies worse than other nations have treated ours?" 6)

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This test period "will enable us to evaluate whether the SST is commercially viable, whether the consumer is willing to pay the additional cost for the reduced travel time, the extent to which fatigue and jet lag are reduced, and the advantages for international commerce. It will also permit further assessment of the environmental impact. . . . It may well be that further development of this technology is not economically sensible in the energy and environmentally conscious period in which we live. If so, then the Concorde will fail because it is an anachronism, and its failure will be recognized as such rather than attributed to an arbitrary and protectionist attitude of the United States out of fear that our dominance of the world aeronautical manufacturing market is threatened. . . . If we bar the Concorde completely, we may be condemning for all time—or delaying for decades—what might be a very significant technological advance for mankind."

Unfortunately, Secretary Coleman's reasonableness is not enough to persuade the passionate and ideologized sector of the anti-Concorde lobby to suspend their opposition until the test results are in. There are still a good many traps ahead before Concorde's runs begin. But with the intellectual and philosophical as well as administrative support of the Coleman opinion, the new bird's path should soon be open.

Nixon Goes to China

Richard Nixon remains an important piece on the political chessboard, and his coming visit to the People's Republic of China does not constitute a plus for the donor of his pardon.

Officials in Peking communicate with the outside world in convoluted, quasi-Mandarin ways. The next message may come in a bit of four-line hokku verse, or during a ping-pong match. The messages, however, can usually be deciphered.

Last year President Ford and Secretary Kissinger visited Peking. The courtesies were minimal; the atmosphere frosty; Ford and Kissinger received public lectures on the fallacies of detente, as presently pursued, from Chou's man Teng Hsiao-ping; there was not even a joint communiqué in parting. Massed Soviet firepower on one's northern frontier marvelously concentrates the mind. From his deathbed, Chou sent a public message to Kissinger about the follies of appeasement.

Scene Two. Julie (Nixon) Eisenhower and husband David visit Peking. They get full ceremonial honors. Following which, an official Chinese invitation is extended to the San Clemente exile to visit China on the fourth anniversary of his 1972 trip. The Chinese will send the plane to pick him up.

Thus is the message transmitted in what our Supreme Court has taken to calling "symbolic speech." From the Chinese standpoint, Nixon plus Kissinger added up to a coherent policy. Negotiation in Paris and Moscow received the tough support of bombing and mining. That is why Nixon has now been invited to Peking. With Nixon's resignation, detente has meant collapse in South Vietnam and Angola, not to mention a Soviet political offensive in Western Europe. Kissinger's glum prediction that Europe would "go Marxist"—i.e., be Finlandized—within the next decade could only have chilled the Chinese. A Europe thus neutralized might mean curtains for the Maoist regime in Peking.

Nixon, for his own part, is also beaming a message. He had previously planned to hold off on a trip to China until after the 1976 election. That he has agreed to advance the date so that the trip will take place just prior to the New Hampshire primary suggests that he is in accord with the Chinese estimate of detente as practiced by Ford plus Kissinger, and wants to underline it publicly.

Bury Your Wallet at Wounded Knee

No doubt the American Indians were sometimes the victims of fraud and also of unnecessary cruelty as the frontier moved westward during the nineteenth century. Nor is there any doubt that the Indians fought savagely not only against the advancing tide of settlers but also among themselves. Under the circumstances, it is difficult

Gurbutt Rotheo

"They're fast becoming a nation of bad shopkeepers."

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to see how the West could have been settled without subduing the tribes, or how that could have been accomplished by friendly persuasion. A good deal of hypocrisy and sentimentality therefore surrounds the entire discussion of white-Indian relations during the nineteenth century.

During the 1960s this history began to be exploited in an anti-white and anti-Western way, related psychologically to the war in Vietnam, and also to the political aggrandizement of the Third World. Projected as a victim of the white man and the Christian, the Indian became, for those with an ideological interest in doing so, a vehicle for condemning Western civilization. The ideologues usually did not go so far as to assert that the West should have been left to the Indians and their buffalo herds, but that conclusion was implicit in their treatment of the matter. In classrooms across the country the Indian was represented as a superior ecologist and gentle woodsman whose heart was buried at Wounded Knee by a collection of nineteenth-century Lieutenant Calleys also known as the Seventh Cavalry.

Senator James Abourezk of South Dakota, exploiting this theme, has now introduced legislation that would award $3,000 apiece to the descendants of Indians killed at Wounded Knee, at a total cost of $600,000 to the taxpayers. If passed, this bill would reinforce the theme of U.S. Army guilt in the affair and give great satisfaction to the handwringers. A Senate committee will shortly go into the whole affair in order to determine whether a massacre really did take place, i.e., whether, as in the fashionable accounts, the Seventh Cavalry first disarmed the Sioux and then shot them.

The trouble with that theory is that the Seventh Cavalry suffered some sixty casualties in the encounter. To accept the massacre notion, you have to believe the cavalrymen became so excited that they shot each other.

A more plausible version has been offered by the military historian S. L. A. Marshall in his book *Crimsoned Prairie* (Scribner's, 1972) and in his more technical scholarly writings.

Prior to the Wounded Knee affair, writes Marshall, the Sioux in South Dakota were swept by a weird religion. An Indian named Wokova contracted a fever and dreamed that he had been transported to heaven, where he received word that the Indian dead would arise when he gave the signal. Wokova also told the Sioux that "ghost dancing"—a whirling sort of dance—would endow them with "ghost shirts" and that these would render bullets harmless. Under the influence of Wokova's religion, many Sioux went off the reservation and roamed the plains in armed bands. The Seventh Cavalry had the job of rounding them up and getting them under control. S. L. A. Marshall gives the following account:

"In groups of twenty or so, the warriors were sent off to the tepees to get their weapons and yield them. . . . When after an hour the shuttle back and forth was completed, the soldiers had found only about forty weapons, most of them old and not a few in disrepair. Here was a first but belated warning that a prearranged plan of deception was under way." At that point a medicine man named Yellow Shirt began screaming at the Sioux: "You wear ghost shirts." When the soldiers began to search the warriors, an Indian named Black Fox jumped to his feet, drew a rifle from under his blanket, and fired into the search party. "Instantly, as though they had been awaiting a signal, the other warriors did the same, volley-firing into the soldiers with rifles heretofore carefully concealed under their blankets. There is no doubt who started that day's fight, though it is often called a massacre." By the end of the shooting, "sixty of the cavalrymen lay dead or dying. . . . The cold figures say that there were many rifles under the blankets, and that when they fired the Indians shot to kill."

A relative of one of the U.S. soldiers killed that day has written as follows to Senator Abourezk:

"I am following with interest your legislation to pay the descendants of those killed at Wounded Knee $3,000. I hereby apply for this $3,000, and would appreciate a similar amount for my three elderly aunts and 12 cousins. My grandfather's brother, Sergeant William Hodges of the Seventh Cavalry, was shot by the Indians while he and about ten other troopers were starting to search the tepees of Chief Big Foot's followers for guns."

Revulsion Ahead

As sure as God made apples green,
When Cuban troops command the scene,
When Russian warships roam at will,
When consternation rules Brazil,
When Zambia gives up the ghost,
When tankers shun Angola's coast,
Then congressmen will wipe their smiles
And take to weeping in the aisles.

W. H. VON DREELE

Bad Ad

A full-page ad run by American Electric Power Company in several leading newspapers features a large framed motto for the politician's office: "U.S. Proven Energy Reserves: They'll last about this long—Oil 12 years, Gas 12 years, Coal 500 years." Pretty clear, isn't it? In 1988, there won't be a drop of oil left in the U.S. no matter what we do, nor a whiff of natural gas, so we will have to develop our coal resources in a big hurry. The only trouble with this is that it isn't true.

"Proven" reserves of oil and gas are like the shelf inventory in any other business, and it makes no more sense to worry about them than it does to worry that shoe stores have only one month's inventory on hand. In fact, we have *never* had much more than ten to fifteen years' worth of proven oil reserves on hand. Natural gas

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is, admittedly, a different matter. There is apparently only a 35- to 65-year supply available at reasonable cost, though synthetic gas can fill the gap later.

To "prove" reserves, a producer must find the oil, install producing equipment, and hire engineers to measure the portion of the well's content that is recoverable at present prices. This is a costly business, so producers don't "prove" more oil reserves than is necessary to assure continued flow. Only 35 per cent of discovered oil has been recoverable at past prices, but costly new recovery techniques could boost oil reserves in known and developed reservoirs by something like four billion barrels by 1982, according to the Energy Research and Development Administration. Such techniques are not economically feasible under the price control provisions of the new anti-energy law, however, so "proven" reserves are smaller than they would otherwise be.

Coal reserves are calculated far less rigorously than are oil and gas reserves, so the comparison is doubly misleading. Coal reserve figures are based on geological estimates of what is actually in the ground, with only the roughest calculations about the economic viability of recovering and using those deposits. We certainly *should* ease the severe restrictions on mining and using coal, but it is unrealistic to expect to get such good laws from bad ads.

Ageing New Statesman

The influential British weekly, *New Statesman*, has been, since its founding in Fabian days, socialist and leftist (and highbrow in its extensive coverage of literature and the arts). But within its political boundaries its responsibility quotient has been subject to cyclical change. Under Paul Johnson's editorship from 1965-72, its intellectual and rhetorical level was generally high even though some of its opinions were odd. In 1972, after a masked but apparently rather bitter squabble, Anthony Howard succeeded Johnson, and has guided *New Statesman* into a steady decline. Week by week the prose becomes more shrill, the ideology more grim and pervasive.

Until the end of last year Auberon Waugh had been providing a page of relief from the leftist clichés with a happy "First Person" column. In the December 26 issue Waugh took his leave in a Christmas column that ended: "I must bid farewell to the *New Statesman*, wishing its readers a happy and socially useful Christmas, and thanking them for their tolerance over the past thirty months. I have decided for the moment that my place is on the other side of the barricades, shoulder to shoulder with Lord Cowdray and the multinational corporations whatever they may prove to be."

Alexander Cockburn, in the January 23 issue, gives a fair sample of the new style à la Editor Howard in a piece on "America's Ideological Right" (among whose members he mentions, exclusively, Pat Moynihan and the contributors to *Commentary*, *The Public Interest*, and the *Wall Street Journal*): "Moynihan is probably the most disliked American representative at the UN in its history. . . . It is hard to find diplomats who—openly or discreetly—do not despise him as an opportunist and loudmouth. . . . The more enthusiastic of his acolytes even mumble about his chances for a vice presidential nomination. . . . Forms of conservative chic are now firmly in the saddle. . . . What are the central notions propounded from these neo-conservative quarters? . . . Undistilled but deeply felt resentment . . . bitterness . . . undisguised loathing . . . lamentation. . . . It's a scene of considerable intellectual impoverishment. . . . The vigorous and popular maneuvers of Moynihan and his intellectual henchmen stand in evident, if depressing, contrast."

Notes & Asides

■ Dear Mr. Buckley:

Your discussion of Maxwell's equations ["Notes & Asides," October 10 and January 23] brings to mind the following comments on those same equations:

> To anyone who is motivated by anything beyond the most narrowly practical, it is worth while to understand Maxwell's equations simply for the good of his soul.
>
> —J. R. Pierce

> Was it a god who wrote these lines?
>
> —Ludwig Boltzmann (quoting Goethe)

Happy New Year!

Sincerely,
John W. N. Hickey
Rockville, Maryland

Dear Bill:

According to Mrs. Kapetansky ["Notes & Asides," January 23] the version of Maxwell's equations as presented by Gene Shalit ["Notes & Asides," October 10] merits a grade of D. If so, the allegedly correct set she quotes cannot be scored higher than a D–. The attached Xerox copy of Maxwell's equations (from J. D. Jackson's *Classical Electrodynamics*, a fairly standard textbook) reads

$$\nabla \cdot \mathbf{D} = 4\pi\rho \qquad \nabla \times \mathbf{H} = \frac{4\pi}{c}\mathbf{J} + \frac{1}{c}\frac{\partial \mathbf{D}}{\partial t}$$

$$\nabla \cdot \mathbf{B} = 0 \qquad \nabla \times \mathbf{E} + \frac{1}{c}\frac{\partial \mathbf{B}}{\partial t} = 0$$

and I can assure you is devoid of error.

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I trust that this entitles me to the last word on the subject.

Sincerely,
Dick Hagen
Professor of Physics
The University of Rochester
Rochester, N. Y.

OK. But *positively* the last word. Cordially, WFB

■ Dear Mr. Buckley:

I appreciate the time that you have given me, reading my letters and answering.

I really had grave doubts that I would get anywhere with you, knowing of the organizations that you belong to and who some of your friends are. I thought, nevertheless, that you would be interested in putting me on your program on account of the public interest that it would create in you and your program, and that perhaps you might be interested in an exposition of the religious and spiritual and moral issues, if you were anything of a Christian. I am quite aware of the interest that such a program would generate because, whatever one may think of me, I am well known in Episcopal circles, and am something of a controversial figure, to say the least.

We conservatives have considered you to be a big phony as a conservative for a long time. You are referred to as being a "Kosher" conservative. I believe you are a member of the Bilderberger outfit and the CFR and are a close friend of the thing we have heading the State Department. Need one say more? We consider you to be a base enemy of this country. We do not pray for your welfare.

I will not bother you further.

Yours truly,
James P. Dees
Presiding Bishop
The Anglican Orthodox Church
Statesville, N.C.

Your Grace:

You correctly supposed that my delays in answering your letter asking for an appointment were contrived. The fact of it is that although I did make several inquiries, I was not able to locate anybody who had ever heard of you or of your little sub-schismatic sect. It dawned on me that you were simply seeking publicity, which you do indeed desperately need, though I judge it unlikely, from the tone of your letter, that such publicity would redound to the greater glory of God, Whose charity is of course infinite, but must nevertheless be sorely strained by your usurpation of the vestments of Christianity to shroud your little vanities.

I quite understand your declining to pray for me. In middle age, hard exercise should be resumed only very slowly, under a doctor's supervision. Yours faithfully,
WFB

■ Dear Mr. Buckley:

I hate to do this to you [see *NR*, Nov. 21]. But Girton (1869) and Newham (1871-75) were functioning before your first of maybe forty visits to Cambridge.

So, there must have been she-Cantabrigians about, although you didn't notice. Maybe you were too busy punting on the Cam!

I don't agree you should have been penitential about the Mrs. Thatcher incident, but, maybe the second?

Peace!

John Aldrich
Palm Desert, California

Dear Mr. Aldrich: Nice point . . . What happened to the ladies of Newham in 1875? WFB

■ Dear Mr. Buckley:

Re: Your article "Fewer Rules, Please," you are cordially invited to Kansas City, Missouri where our park signs read PLEASE WALK ON THE GRASS. Being the most instinctively undisruptive of men, your presence in Kansas City will, I am sure, contribute much to the already pastoral atmosphere. In order that your plane trip west will be productive and both undisturbed and undisturbing, we are forwarding for your use on the trip a sign which reads PLEASE TYPEWRITE ON THE PLANE.

Yours very truly,
Frank Vaydik, Director
Board of Parks and
Recreation Commissioners
Kansas City, Mo.

Dear Mr. Vaydik: Thank you for your hospitality. I expect to be in Kansas City before the summer is over. I wonder if your obliging Department could manage a few signs, PLEASE NOMINATE RONALD REAGAN?

Yours cordially,
—WFB

The War between the States

Demographers, those clerky types who read
Computer printouts, looking for a Sign,
Say Northerners are starting a stampede
To states below the Mason-Dixon line.
Already, liberals, who like to mine
The masses in the Northern corridor,
Have visions of eventual decline
From Boston all the way to Baltimore.
Like Oliver, I'm now demanding "more";
I sense great expectations, and they're sweet.
Forget the *Merrimac* and *Monitor*:
A population's voting with its feet.
The liberals are going out of style
While, up there, Scarlett wears a little smile.

W. H. VON DREELE

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Come into My Parlor

The Protracted Conflict

JAMES BURNHAM

FOR ANYONE acquainted with the history of the French Communist Party, there is something irresistibly ludicrous in Georges Marchais' new act as France's parfit, gentil democratic knight, *sans peur et sans reproche*. The *French*, of all Communist parties! From its founding in 1918, the French Party has been a pillar of Marxist-Leninist orthodoxy and fidelity to the Kremlin. From the French Party there was no quiver of doubt or protest at the Trials and Purges. It swallowed the Hitler-Stalin Pact like mother's milk, and sabotaged the French war effort until the morning of June 22, 1941, when every French Communist was instantly transformed into a French patriot and warrior. It condemned the infamous Marshall Plan designed by North American imperialism to force Europe under the Wall Street yoke, and rejoiced as peace and democracy spread through Eastern Europe in the postwar years. It applauded Moscow's stalwart defense of socialism against the imperialist conspirators in Hungary and Czechoslovakia. None of its spokesmen ever hinted at criticism of Gulag.

Then, late last autumn, Party Secretary Marchais took one of his periodic trips to Moscow—where was present also his colleague, Jean Kanapa, chief liaison officer of the French Party, who usually journeys via Brussels so as to be less remarked by Paris journalists and busybodies. Marchais returned, and before you could say Dialectical Materialism he and Italian Communist boss Enrico Berlinguer joined in signing the most democratic constitu . . . that is, the most democratic manifesto since Tom Paine, and he allowed as how his Party had to drop the old "dictatorship of the proletariat" talk—which, he somewhat cryptically explained, has become "unacceptable to 1976 sensibilities." He even mentioned that Leonid Plyushch—whose incarceration in a KGB insane asylum had been the subject of an active campaign by French non-Communists for the past three years without, apparently, having come to Marchais' attention ("I have tried for a very long time to get some information about this matter")—may have been roughly dealt with ("if," that is, "it develops that in this case there has been an abuse of power").

Tricolor Communism

No wonder, confronting so tall a tale, Claude Harmel—one of the few outside its ranks who is *very* well acquainted with the history of the French Communist Party—feels constrained to remark: "It cannot be denied that Jean Kanapa is Moscow's eye, ear, and thumb in the leadership of the French Communist Party. Now, if Moscow's man allows it to be believed that he is criticizing the Soviet regime, it is because Moscow is in agreement that he should do so, and expects more advantage than inconvenience therefrom. Just as it is not merely with Moscow's agreement but on its order that the French Communists revive the 'Marseillaise' and the tricolor flag in their public meetings or endorse the peaceful road to power, so it is with Soviet agreement that they pretend from time to time to criticize the Soviet Union; and it would not be exaggerating to conclude that they requested permission—or an order—to criticize."

At his Party's Congress, meeting in Paris from the 5th to the 7th of February, Marchais presented the new program of democratic and national Communism under the French colors, and you couldn't have asked for a more spectacular triumph of independence and democracy. So persuasive was Secretary Marchais that not one of the 1,700 delegates felt it relevant to present any criticisms or objections. The final vote: *Oui*, 1,700; *Contre*, 0. (Is it necessary to repeat, from my first sentence, "irresistibly ludicrous"?)

The real test of the Communist Party's attitude toward democracy is the Party itself. I quote from Jean-François Revel: "For Communists, 'liberalizing themselves' is not a question of good will or of breadth of intellect. The temporary and merely verbal concessions required by their electoral alliances never touch on the basic methods of Communism, the victory of which eliminates simultaneously both allies and elections. . . . The Party, while in opposition, cannot transform itself, even by deliberate Machiavellianism, to a degree that would make it unsuited for the exercise of its future responsibility. In the womb of the liberal society, it must be the foreshadowing, the miniaturized prototype of the society to come, the society that it seeks to bring about, and into which, moreover, it must always hold itself in readiness to insert itself, in running order, as the engine in the chassis, the soul in the body.

The Party as Model

"If the Party ceased to be the 'model' of the order it seeks to create on the scale of society as a whole, its project for the future would become unrealizable. Thus the 'liberal' concessions made by the Communists must necessarily be very minor, lest they become equivalent to a repudiation of their specific reason for being. You can stop being Communist, but you cannot alter what it means to be a Communist. That is why we find that the more substantial concessions that Communists make to the spirit of democracy are always for the future, never the present. They are promises, never actions. . . . The Communist parties pursue a plan the realization of which not merely fails to include but categorically excludes democracy."

And in conclusion, again from Claude Harmel: "Passion makes men blind. And it is with passion, even though this is not always acknowledged, that a whole section of the press and of the political class, in and out of government, desires and hopes that 'the Communists are changing,' and even tries to believe that 'they have changed.' This desire—this appeal—is of such an intensity that any other party would already have yielded to it. If the Communist Party has not done so, if it has not changed, if it will not change tomorrow as it has not changed yesterday, this is because every Communist Party, and the one that operates in France more than any other, has been conceived and built precisely in order to resist pressures and appeals of this sort, in order to avoid being led astray, in order not to change." □

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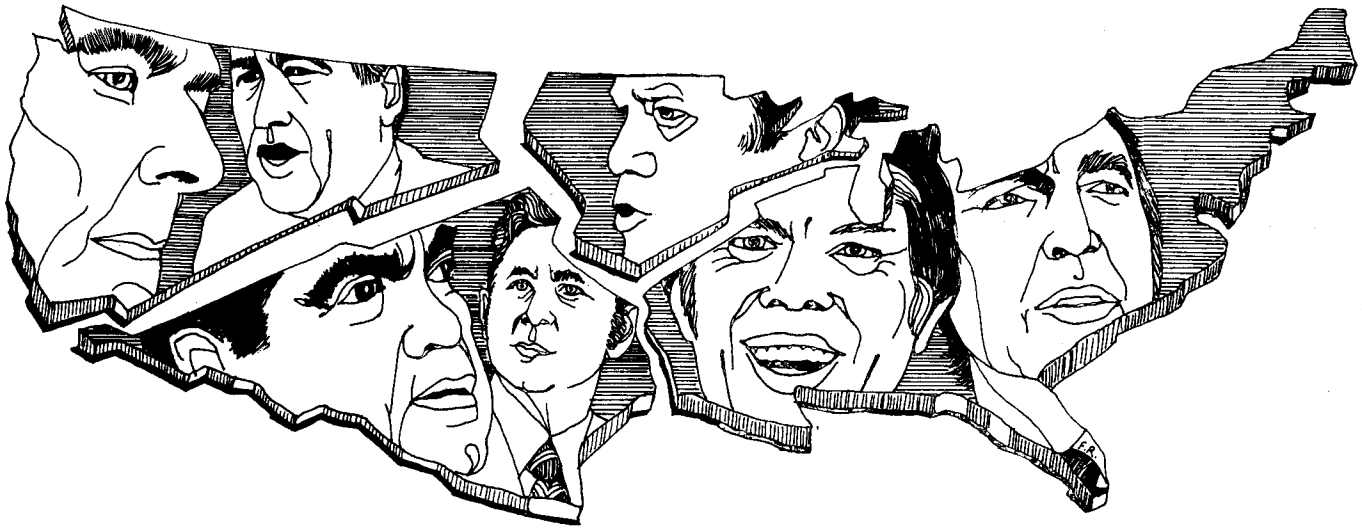
ELECTION '76



Earthquake Time in America

JEFFREY HART

THROUGH NO special fault of his own, really, President Ford seems somewhat fictional. He is President, yet somehow not a *real* President. No one ever voted for him in a national election. He himself seems uncertain of who he is, even when he does the correct thing in terms of policy. The recent assassination attempts somehow fit the pattern of fictionality—obviously not real assassination attempts, but ones involving a toy gun (as with Reagan in Florida), and a girl in a red Halloween costume in Sacramento, and a mental freak-out in San Francisco.

The atmosphere of fictitiousness extends of course to the Democrats. None of the assorted candidates seems to take hold. They look, as Governor Richard Lamm of Colorado said in Washington recently, "like ten guys tied for last."

I think that this zaniness has come about because our major parties and politicians are not, on the whole, dealing with political realities. The realities are there, they are even salient, but the parties and politicians do not have a purchase on them. Since World War II, enormous changes of different kinds have taken place, and neither political party is showing much ability to adapt to them. But adapt they will, in one form or another—and that is what the politics of 1976 is all about.

The first change involves population and wealth. The last 35 years have seen an enormous shift of *both* to the South and Southwest. The arc of states stretching from Southern California across the southern and western parts of America has experienced a tremendous increase in wealth and power relative to the rest of the country. Fortunes have been made in aerospace, petrochemicals, agribusiness, and real estate. New cities and suburbs have proliferated.

This region, if it seceded from the United States, would have a Gross National Product second only to that of the Soviet Union. If the Civil War were to be refought today, there is no doubt who would win it.

A few symbolic items:

San Diego today has a larger population than Boston.

The largest bank in the world is not the Chase Manhattan, founded by the Rockefellers, but the Bank of America, headquartered in California, founded by a man named Giannini.

The former Brooklyn Dodgers are now playing in Los Angeles. The former New York Giants are now playing in San Francisco.

But neither political party today provides a real home for this vast and politically pivotal power structure of relatively recent origin.

When I was growing up, the South—sleepy with magnolias and lynchings—was a solid part of the New Deal coalition. Before the polls closed anywhere, FDR knew that he had about one-third of the electoral votes necessary to win. His urban bosses delivered the rest. But in 1948, with the Dixiecrat walkout at the Democratic convention, all this began to come apart.

And notice how the old Civil War-era regions have reversed their political identity. New England was once the most Republican region in the country, resisting even FDR's 1932 landslide. Today it is probably the most Democratic region—Massachusetts being the only state to resist Nixon's 1972 landslide.

The South and Southwest are conservative and nationalist. The Northeast is liberal in trend. But neither party has really adapted itself to this massive change.

Barry Goldwater brought the South into the Republican Party in 1964 to some extent—but in 1968 Wallace took back a very large slice of the vote. Nixon's 1972 landslide

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occurred only because Wallace was out of action. Another symbolic figure is John Connally. He did switch to the Republicans, but it is not clear that the marriage will last. He talks today of running as an independent.

I myself tend to think that things are about to break loose.

Just beneath the surface you can detect rumblings that 1976 is going to be a year of upheaval and transformation in both political parties. It could well become one of the historic thresholds in American politics. No doubt deep social and ideological trends are at work to produce this upheaval, but just consider the obvious surface phenomena.

The most dramatic upheaval promises to take place within the Democratic Party. Indeed, 1976 may make it clear that the Democratic Party *no longer exists*, that it has become two distinct and irreconcilable parties—what might be called a "Wallace Party" and a "Udall Party." It is becoming less and less likely that these two parties can coalesce around some traditional liberal such as Hubert Humphrey or Scoop Jackson, or a new face like Jimmy Carter.

The Udall Party is no-growth, ecological, women's liberationist, and oriented toward minority causes at home and Third Worldism abroad. The Wallace Party is nationalist and socially conservative.

The Udall Party represents the "new class" of academics, communicators, social service bureaucrats, and professionals. The Wallace Party is middle- and lower-middle-class.

It has gone largely unrecognized, moreover, that a variety of factors are at work to make the Wallace bid in 1976 a powerful one indeed. In 1968 and 1972, George Wallace ran as a maverick insurgent short on organization but long on enthusiasm. All kinds of blunders were made. His slogan was an outsider's slogan—"Send Them a Message." Indeed, he succeeded in doing so.

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But Wallace's slogan this year nicely symbolizes his changed position: "Trust the People." He is superbly organized, he will be on the ballot in every primary state except New Hampshire, and those who will run as Wallace delegates are already being selected. He raised so much money through his direct mail operation that he seriously considered rejecting the federal matching funds to which he is entitled under the new campaign law.

Even more important: every one of the liberal campaign reforms installed by the Democrats after 1972 is going to work strongly in Wallace's favor this year.

More delegates than ever before will be chosen by primaries rather than by precinct caucuses and state conventions. This will maximize Wallace's strength relative to the established structure.

Prior to 1972 there were only one or two primaries in the South. This year there will be 11 in the South and the Border States. They will send to the convention in New York City one-third of the delegates needed to gain the nomination. The idea that Jimmy Carter or Terry Sanford is going to "stop Wallace" in these primaries seems to me a form of whistling past the graveyard.

The new rule about proportional distribution of delegates will also be a big plus for Wallace. Any candidate receiving at least 15 per cent of the votes now has to receive his proportional share of the delegates. Therefore, Wallace will pick up delegates even in McGovernish Massachusetts, let alone a state like Michigan, where in 1972 he got 51 per cent of the primary vote. Wallace will not be a regional candidate this time.

Wallace may not in the end get the nomination, but he seems very likely to emerge with the kind of strength that will define the Democratic Party as irrevocably split.

In the Republican Party, there is also a sense that the foundations are trembling. The Ronald Reagan challenge could bring about another transformation. It is beginning to be said out loud that Reagan could win in New Hampshire, and a recent Florida poll gives him a 50 to 47 lead over the President.

Though things could change, I sense a widespread feeling that Gerald Ford is just not making it. If Ford is beaten in the primaries or steps out of the race, John Connally, Howard Baker, Charles Percy, and others will doubtless become available, in addition to Reagan. At Kansas City next summer, the GOP would be up for fundamental redefinition.

And there are profound reasons why both parties are going to have to be transformed and redefined, if not next year then certainly in the near future.

The upheaval in the Democratic Party reflects the emergence in American society of a "new class" possessing a distinctive, indeed a novel, ideology. The stresses within the Republican Party reflect an internal argument about how to respond to the fissure within the Democratic Party.

The Yugoslav writer Milovan Djilas once published a book entitled *The New Class*. He meant the group of party functionaries, bureaucrats, and managers that had consolidated itself during 15 years of Tito's rule. As Djilas showed, Yugoslav politics could not be understood without reference to the power and interests of this "new class."

Our own situation exhibits some striking analogies to the one described by Djilas. Our own New Class consists of the college educated professionals, bureaucrats, social scientists, and educators, along with a proliferation of satellite industries, think tanks, and so on. All these have been greatly increasing in numbers during the past decade or more and have been crystallizing a distinctive ideology.

Economists customarily speak of the production of goods and services. The New Class, however, has been concerned almost entirely with the production of services, usually social services.

Whereas the older American liberalism was tied to economic growth, the New Class opposes growth on environmental grounds. The New Class also has a strong puritanical streak that leads it to look upon economic growth and high levels of consumption as morally repellent. Back in 1968, if you saw a Eugene McCarthy sticker it was usually attached to a Volkswagen. Those were New Class voters who believed that less (physically) is more (morally). They were often professional-class types on the make socially.

The New Class favors drastic redistribution of income,

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both inside the United States and between the United States and the Third World. For this and other reasons, it is hostile to capitalism and favors strong centralized planning of the economy. It goes without saying that such redistribution schemes would encounter serious political resistance, and therefore, though this point is not usually stressed, the New Class favors, at least implicitly, a central power sufficient to impose the desired measures.

The Republican Party remains too exclusively identified with one segment of the middle class—the business interest—and in consequence is distrusted by much of the electorate

The New Class is Third World-oriented, and vaguely anti-Western. It sympathizes with "liberation" movements and desires to make the Third World the beneficiary of American largesse. As compared with the older liberalism, the New Class is relatively indifferent to traditional U.S. allies, such as the NATO countries and Israel.

It goes without saying that the New Class favors busing. Whether busing actually does any good or not tends to be beside the point. At the very least, busing symbolizes a moral rejection of "racism"—which is very important to the New Class. Busing also symbolizes social experiment and social control, which the New Class strongly favors. A large portion of the New Class derives its income from just such social "service."

The New Class has become the most articulate and aggressive element, if not a majority, within the Democratic Party. In recent weeks, for example, forums run by New Class liberals have been meeting in different cities. The Democratic presidential candidates have been subjected to tough ideological grilling. This pressure is leading them to adopt, variously, the standard New Class themes—unconditional amnesty for draft dodgers, homosexual rights, guaranteed jobs and/or income, etc. Consider—and it is delectable—the following newspaper account of goings-on at the New Democratic Coalition meeting in New York City:

> The only unanimous full-throated cheer at both assemblies was a pro-ecology ovation for the announcement of "no smoking." In New York, NDC chairman Arnold Weiss had no gavel and asked for a shoe as a substitute. The shoe was a crepe-soled, low-heeled "earth shoe" that was ecologically correct but made no noise.
>
> Besides ecology, other causes were plugged at both caucuses in the between-ballots political cabaret sponsored by both meetings. Speakers harangued the audiences on behalf of the grape boycott, Eskimo civil liberties, and other liberal causes. The most ringing ovation after the "no smoking" one came in retrospective denunciations of the Vietnam War.

Of course, this is a caricature, an extreme and comic version of the New Class. The New Class phenomenon itself, however, is widespread and major. This New Class constitutes a very large and articulate interest group, and it has vast designs upon the tax dollar.

"Some of its component parts are obvious," writes Kevin Phillips. "The huge bureaucracies of government, multiplied tenfold since the New Deal era; the world of the colleges and universities now accommodating ten million students, or at least individuals; the huge communications empires; the network of think tanks and charitable foundations; the huge corporate giants of knowledge technology—IBM, Xerox, and so forth."

The striking fact is that this new knowledge/communications/social welfare sector has surpassed both manufacturing and agriculture in its percentage of national income. In 1972, HEW passed the Pentagon in annual budget.

Now, a key point: this New Class—or new elite, as Phillips calls it—is liberal not only on traditional ideological grounds, but through self-interest. Unlike previous conservative business establishments, which had a vested interest in stability, the knowledge/communications/social welfare complex has a vested interest in change—in the unmooring of convention, in socioeconomic experiment, in the production and consumption of new ideas. Social change is as important to this sector as inventory turnover is to a manufacturer.

The majority of Americans, however, scarcely share the liberal ideology of the New Class, and they do not admire its lifestyle. They deeply resent its little presents to the rest of us, like busing, and they are tired of seeing an ever-increasing proportion of the tax dollar going directly or indirectly into its favored projects.

The growing power of the New Class has been driving out of the Democratic coalition the traditional labor and ethnic voters who have little in common with it, sharing neither its economic and political goals nor its cultural style. The result has been the birth of two separate parties within the Democratic Party, what I called the "Wallace Party" and the "Udall Party"—though by that I did not mean to imply that Udall is now the single preferred candidate of the New Class. He merely serves as a nice symbol, as Wallace does for the large number of nationalist social conservatives.

THE ARGUMENT now taking place within the Republican Party concerns how the party should deal with the Democratic voters now up for grabs. The most imaginative Republican strategists, and they tend to be the younger ones, favor active pursuit of these alienated "Wallace" Democrats. The Republican liberals, like Chuck Percy, argue that the Republicans should compete for liberal independent and liberal Democratic votes. This seems to me hopelessly anachronistic—and would merely recruit votes for the Wallace Party. The more orthodox Republicans, and we can call them the Ford-style Republicans, place a low priority on the pursuit of conservative independents and Democrats. The Democratic earthquake has thus rocked Republican foundations.

The reason for the continuing failure of orthodox Republicanism is that the Republican Party remains too exclusively identified with one segment of the middle class—the business interest—and in consequence the Republicans are distrusted by much of the electorate, especially by the blue-collar voters and union members. This point was stressed in a recent address by Professor M. E. Bradford of the University of Dallas (not only a Texas political activist but also one of our leading Faulkner scholars). He put it this way: "Until it is possible for us as conservatives to bring the Wallace electorate and the 85 per cent of

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Republicans who are basically conservative under one tent, without losing many out of either camp, and without defrauding either contingent in the support given by the combination to their respective political objectives, we are compelled to be governed perpetually by the old familiar liberal apparatus. Nothing about this union is automatic. A McGovern can make it temporarily possible. But we cannot depend upon the availability of another such convenient adversary."

THE TROUBLE is that neither in their choice of candidates nor in their focus on issues have the Republicans reached out toward a majority national coalition. Coolidge, Hoover, Taft, Dewey, Nixon: do these typical Republican leaders evoke a sense of empathy beyond a well defined and fairly narrow constituency? Professor Bradford's blue-collar conservatives eye them with suspicion and aversion.

Significantly, none of these Republicans—and you can include Eisenhower—had much of a domestic policy at all. Nixon used domestic issues in a purely manipulative way at election time and then largely forgot about them. Yet it is on domestic policy that enduring coalitions are built.

It is possible that the Republicans have simply missed their opportunity, cannot adjust to the new era in American politics, and will go out of business. But any Republican resurgence, or any successful new party of the Center and Right, would have to include the following features.

It would have to be much less identified with the business interest, in both symbolic and substantive ways. Its candidates should not look as if they just stepped out of a corporate board room, and should realize that rote hostility to organized labor is a self-indulgent anachronism.

This labor issue is ticklish. A genuine New Majority candidate will have to be able to talk over the heads of the present union leadership to the rank and file. This may be less difficult than in the past, since the leadership has grown increasingly remote and bureaucratic. I admire Mr. George Meany for many things—his tough patriotism, his honorable stand on Solzhenitsyn, as against Henry Kissinger's servility. But last month Meany imposed a stern pro-busing position on the Massachusetts State Labor Council. And in many ways he is an ageing oligarch. Kevin Phillips once reported on the following symbolic scene involving Mr. Meany: "Just before Labor Day, 1975, when unemployment was near a 25-year record, George Meany invited a group of Washington reporters to lunch. A waiter in a tuxedo served drinks, and then—per one press report—Meany 'led the company across the thick blue carpet to his private dining room, where two men dressed in tuxedos served roast lamb and mint jelly and poured white wine. . . . After lunch he handed out eight-inch Jamaican cigars.' Let this underscore my point: it has been many, many years since the top power brokers of the AFL-CIO represented the average working American."

The Republicans or their successors will have to recognize that appeals to self-reliance are largely anachronistic. Today, people expect at least minimum guarantees of security—in matters such as jobs, medical bills, retirement, and so on. They expect an activist economic policy.

Any New Majority party will have to be responsive on such large populist issues as busing. Both of our present parties have completely defaulted on that one.

The majority coalition will have to be overtly patriotic; and here, indeed, the liberals will be thrown on the defensive. Patriotism, for complex reasons, sticks in their throats.

The present Republican Party has grasped neither the words nor the music of a broadened national appeal. Like the Whigs, the Federalists, the Liberals, it may now see its moment pass.

The busing dispute is only one part, albeit a prominent one, of the whole set of issues revolving around education, and the indications are that this mix is ticking away as the political time bomb of the 1970s. The issues are much more than political in the narrow sense of the word—they are also economic, moral, cultural, and religious. In one community after another, they are coming to a boil, and though the separate communities have not yet made common cause or established a national organization, it is virtually inevitable that the impact will be felt nationally.

Consider the curriculum issue. During the past decade, federal expenditure on education rose 200 per cent, and funding at all levels rose 172 per cent. Teachers' salaries rose 86 per cent. But during the same period, student performance on college board examinations fell off to new lows, making for a startling negative correlation between expenditure and result.

Parents for the most part are not "educational specialists," but they aren't blind either, and they know that this sorry performance is connected with changes in the curriculum and in teachers' attitudes. You might say that parental consciousness has been raised. That is, the parents are getting sore.

> ***Much of the bill is purest pork barrel. "Impact aid," for example, poured $26 million in federal funds into affluent Washington suburbs in 1974***

It is now common knowledge, for example, that many teachers do not consider it their main job to instruct students in monotonous matters such as reading comprehension, English composition, and mathematical computation. The teachers' aim is far more grandiose: the liberation of the child—which in practice usually means liberation from middle-class attitudes and assumptions.

Many of the teachers now functioning in public schools are products of the counterculture fads of the 1960s. A cheap iconoclasm tends to prevail, and things like discipline, good manners, and patriotism are at a severe discount. It is a widespread phenomenon, and it has not passed unnoticed by the taxpaying citizenry that course-content has become exceedingly vaporous. In a history class, now usually subsumed under "social studies," the students do not learn what the issues were in the American Revolution or what happened at the Constitutional Convention. They are only too likely to work on the "problem" of whether or not Thomas Jefferson was a "racist." The textbook industry is grievously at fault here, publishing all kinds of faddist material because it is allegedly "relevant."

When fights over curriculum and teachers' attitudes break out, the media try to focus on the reddest-necked examples, as in West Virginia. The fact is that parents everywhere and at every social level are convinced that the curriculum

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has been eviscerated in favor of "progressive chic," with an expensive icing of computers, electronic music gear, stereo equipment, and *Star Trek*-style classrooms.

Busing, of course, is an outrage in its own right, but it is also the perfect symbol of a pervasive from-the-top-down imposition on the ordinary citizen. Increasingly, the schools and everything connected with them are being removed from parental control and even influence.

Mr. Albert Shanker, for example, has made it clear enough who is running the New York City school system, and for whose benefit. Shanker is above the law, unlike Richard Nixon, and violates New York State's Taylor Law against public-employee strikes with relative impunity.

Today the struggles are different. The key words are Sun Belt or Rimland, and New Class. The parties must redefine themselves or disappear

But the educational bureaucracy's rip-off of the country also takes place, naturally, in Washington. Even as local taxpayers have been turning down school bond issues in record numbers—and thus registering their anger—the National Education Association has been showing its clout in Washington. Using methods exactly like those of the milk producers, the NEA is one of the most potent Washington lobbies. Thus, on September 9 and 10, the House and Senate overrode President Ford's veto of the education bill by the startling margins of 379 to 41 and 88 to 12. Yet much of the bill is purest pork barrel. "Impact aid," for example, poured $26 million in federal funds into affluent Washington suburbs in 1974.

But people are catching on. The political bomb is ticking away—and when it goes off the sight will be glorious.

Coalition government is a familiar enough thing in Europe. When several parties divide the legislature, it is normal for two or more of them to make a deal and run things.

Until recently, in the United States the two major parties were strong enough to win and govern in their own right. Political issues tended to be fought out inside the major parties. But today it is commonplace to observe that the major parties are declining in appeal and undergoing fragmentation. The conclusion, however, remains to be drawn: that there will be a strong tendency toward some form of coalition government in the United States, necessarily a peculiarly American form. You can devise a number of exciting scenarios.

Let us suppose, for the sake of argument, that President Ford survives the Reagan challenge and manages to capture the Republican nomination. Under the impact of the Reagan challenge, Ford moves measurably to the right, and earns Reagan's endorsement. At that point, the biggest threat to Ford's election could be a George Wallace third-party movement. There are a number of ways of dealing with that threat, and each of them involves a kind of coalition, tacit or open.

Consider the following likely sequence of events, and the possibilities that emerge from it.

George Wallace shows up at the Democratic convention with a sizable bloc of delegates and makes his point through a fight on principle. He tries to commit the national Democratic Party to an anti-busing constitutional amendment. Pandemonium breaks loose, the delegates are at one another's throats, and the move for an anti-busing amendment loses 3 to 2. The victorious liberal faction has "The Battle Hymn of the Republic" played on the Hammond organ, Wallace declares that he cannot live in the Busing Party, and he and all his delegates—plus many others—walk out. At that point, the political ball is in the Republicans' court.

Scenario One. It is conceivable that instead of running on the third-party ticket, Wallace could be induced by specific agreements to become a Republican. It is more likely that a deal could be struck according to which Wallace, without becoming a Republican, would endorse Ford and withdraw as a candidate.

The shape of such a deal is not difficult to imagine, and it would have to imply tacit coalition government. Rhetoric *à la* 1972 about busing, crime in the streets, quotas, and the nobility of ethnic Americans would not be good enough this time. For too long the Republican campaign strategy has been, as Nixon once remarked in private, "Let them eat rhetoric." The Wallace people are shrewd and serious and they would require very concrete undertakings—the anti-busing amendment, of course, but also some key Administration appointments, and some federal judgeships, and most particularly the next vacancy on the Supreme Court.

The historical moment is at hand for a distinguished, Southern, unmistakably conservative Supreme Court Justice. Getting the nomination through the Senate might indeed involve a power play. Should the Senate turn down a distinguished nomination on purely ideological grounds, as it did Clement Haynsworth, the President would have to play it tough and simply re-submit the same name, as many times as required. He would have to hold the feet of the Senate to the fire of public opinion.

Scenario Two. The above deal is not struck and Wallace enters a three-way race. In the November election—an entirely plausible outcome—no candidate has a majority in the Electoral College. This will provide an interesting crunch. Ford at that point has the option of letting the House of Representatives decide the winner—which would mean packing his bags.

But approximately thirty days will elapse between the November election and the time when the Electoral College actually votes. During that time it would be perfectly possible for the deal to be struck. In return for specific commitments, Wallace would release his electors to Ford. This, again, would be a kind of coalition government.

Or Ford might not win the nomination. He might lose several primaries and withdraw. In that case, Reagan, Connally, or someone else could be the nominee—and different kinds of New Majority negotiations can be imagined. All would involve political and economic warfare to curb the power and limit the influence of the New Class.

But the fact is incontestable that our two major parties are coming under intolerable pressure from political reality. The Republicans and Democrats are relics of the post-Civil War era and the struggles over industrialization. Today the struggles are different. The key words are Sun Belt or Rimland, and New Class. The parties must redefine themselves or disappear. □

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CAPITAL FORMATION

Watering the Money Tree

WILLIAM E. SIMON

HERE IN WASHINGTON, two of the hottest words on the economic circuit are "capital shortage." Academic economists shy away from the phrase because, they say, it is misleading. In theory, there is always enough capital to meet demand as long as investors are paid a sufficient return on their money. The higher the rate of return, the more money people will save—i.e., the more they will make available for investment. Thus the market is counted on to bring things into a natural balance.

"Capital shortage" does have a special meaning for policy-makers, however, and they are growing increasingly concerned about the prospects for just such a shortage in the future. In their minds, the "shortage" would mean a gap between the level of investment that we need to meet future economic goals and the amount of money that will actually be invested. There is good reason to fear that the shortfall could be substantial and that our economy would thus be operating below potential for some years to come.

The dangers that arise from inadequate capital investment over a period of years are best illustrated by the 1973 production bottleneck. In that year, industries that process such materials as steel, paper, fertilizers, chemicals, cement, non-ferrous metals, and textiles were operating at the limits of their physical capacity. But they still were not producing enough goods and services to meet the demands from industries that manufacture automobiles, clothing, machine tools, and other finished products. This situation contributed to the rapid rise in inflation and ultimately to the recession of 1974-75.

Though economists differ as to how severe the potential shortage might be, many who have studied the issue agree that in coming years, if we are to meet future national goals, our economy will require between $4 trillion and $4.5 trillion in new capital investment. This is roughly three times the $1.5 trillion that was invested during the past decade.

Why are our future capital requirements so enormous?

First, we need to create jobs for our growing population. Between now and 1985, our current labor force of 93.4 million will expand by more than 15 million. In addition, there are at

least three to four million people unemployed today who must be re-employed. That's a total of nearly 19 million new jobs needed—half again the 13 million jobs generated in our economy during the past decade.

The second broad set of capital needs concerns specific public policy objectives: accelerated development of new energy resources to make us more self-sufficient; improvement of environmental quality; safer working conditions; better housing. In the energy field alone, estimates of the next decade's investment needs total $1 trillion.

A third and most important economic necessity is that we increase our production efficiency in order to raise the real standards of living enjoyed by Americans. If anything has been clearly established by economic studies over the years, it is the close relationship between capital investment and productivity. Capital investment is a key factor in increasing productivity, economic growth, and real earnings.

I don't mean to imply that capital investment is the only factor that affects productivity. There are others, like new technology, the skills and growth of the labor force, access to raw materials, and the business cycle. But the more capital investment we have, the more these other factors can increase productivity.

Anyone studying the enormous capital requirements for our economy in coming years might be tempted to throw up his hands in despair, reasoning that we cannot possibly triple our investment over that of the past decade. The fact is, however, that with an economy growing at a stable rate, we could achieve this goal by increasing the fraction of the Gross National Product that goes into savings and investment by only one percentage point—from 15.5 to 16.5 per cent. We *can* do this and we know how: by tilting our economy slightly away from consumption and federal spending toward greater savings and investment.

AN OBVIOUS and basic way to do this is through changes in the tax system. While some economists disagree, there is no doubt in my mind that federal tax policies do affect capital investment decisions—a conclusion fortified by several studies published by the Brookings Institution.

For example, Robert Hall and Dale Jorgenson, in *Tax Incentives and Capital Spending* (published by Brookings in 1971) estimated that:

1. From 1954 to 1970, 15.4 per cent of the change in net investment was due to the 1954 change in tax policy that permitted accelerated depreciation.

2. The 1962 depreciation guidelines increased investment by more than 10 per cent in some succeeding years.

3. More than 25 per cent of investment spending in some years can be attributed to the investment tax credit of 1962.

Because of the demonstrable impact of tax policy changes on savings and investment, the Administration has chosen to encourage capital formation through a two-pronged tax effort: a

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tax-cut/spending-restraint plan for the near term and the integration of personal and corporate income taxes for the longer term.

For the near term, the President's October 6 proposal (reiterated in his State of the Union message) for a tax cut linked to a dollar-for-dollar spending reduction would, among other things, reduce the maximum corporate tax rate from 48 to 46 per cent and make permanent the 10 per cent investment tax credit and 1975 corporate tax rate and surtax exemptions. It would provide special tax treatment for utilities to promote the expansion of electric generating capacity. The program also would slow the growth of federal spending with the aim of moving toward a balanced budget three years hence.

These changes would increase investment incentives in several ways. They would return more economic decision-making to the private sector, which has traditionally been more efficient than government in allocating resources; this would ultimately result in greater capital formation and productivity. They would lead to lower federal deficits and smaller Treasury borrowings, thus reducing government competition for the funds that are available for investment. And the permanency of these changes would promote stability and confidence and enable businesses to plan ahead for the more efficient use of their resources.

For long-term savings and capital investment incentives, the Administration will continue to press for adoption of the tax integration plan I presented to Congress last summer, which was specifically designed to encourage greater savings and investment. The proposal's major recommendation would eliminate the inequity and inefficiency that arise from first taxing corporate income and then taxing individuals receiving corporate dividends. Double taxation, an onerous restraint on economic expansion, has already been eliminated by most major industrial nations, and it is time the United States followed suit.

The proposal would also equalize the tax treatment of interest payments involved with debt financing and the treatment of dividend payments involved with equity financing. I know of no other major tax reform proposal that would strike at the heart of the current bias in favor of debt over equity financing. This bias is built into our tax structure because the present tax system allows corporations to deduct interest paid on debt but not payments of common stock dividends.

Those who argue for tax changes to promote more consumption as a means of expanding capital formation theorize that increased consumption will cause business firms to react to improving sales prospects by increasing their investments.

In my view, this argument is valid only in a limited, short-run situation when the economy is bottoming out from a recession and beginning to recover. In such a period, most capital-using industries are operating their physical plant at less than capacity, and unemployment is higher than normal. Under these conditions, measures that stimulate consumer spending also stimulate employment. Then business cash flows increase, helping to undergird recoveries in investment spending. But for the long run, we must reform our tax system to assure that governmental policies do not influence individual choices toward either overinvestment or underinvestment, as they do today.

CRITICS IN the press and Congress have mounted four major arguments against my tax integration plan; the public deserves answers to these arguments.

1. *The plan is heavily weighted toward big business and high-income individuals at the expense of the "little guy."*

This argument concedes that the plan will work, but ignores the fact that *all* Americans would benefit from it as higher levels of real income are generated by higher levels of productivity. As indicated earlier, our experience has been that we achieve greater productivity through higher levels of capital investment. Greater productivity means more jobs, greater price stability, and more goods and services to fill rising demands. In short, it means a higher standard of living for all.

The United States in recent years has had one of the lowest records of capital investment among the major industrialized nations. Our fixed investment, as a share of national output from 1960 to 1973, was last among 11 industrialized nations. We also have had one of the lowest records of productivity growth in the postwar period. Output per manhour in the private economy rose by 4 per cent a year from 1948 to 1954, by 3.1 per cent from 1955 to 1964, by 2.5 per cent from 1965 to 1969, and by only 1.6 per cent from 1970 to 1974. Greater capital formation will help reverse these trends.

Furthermore, although the benefits of lower taxes on dividends will flow initially to stock owners, the integrated nature of our nation's capital markets assures that benefits will also flow to people who receive capital income from other sources, including pension funds, insurance companies, and other financial institutions. These institutions have been increasing their ownership of stock and now own about a quarter of all outstanding corporate shares.

About half of our work force is now covered by private pension plans. Eighty-four per cent of American adults are covered by some type of life insurance policy, according to the Institute of Life Insurance. Other Americans have other types of insurance or participate in mutual funds, trust funds, and other types of dividend income. Thus, most American families have some direct or indirect dividend income. They too would benefit from our program.

Finally, because in our competitive economic system investment flows to those opportunities with the highest after-tax returns, after-tax returns tend to be equalized. As more investment flows to the corporate sector, the rates of return on other assets will rise so that *all* savers benefit.

2. *The cost of the program—at least $13.75 billion—is too high in proportion to the benefits.*

This argument fails to note that the whole thrust of the program will be to encourage people to save and invest more now so that we will have more real output in the future to fill our economic needs. If real future income is higher than it otherwise would be as a result of these efforts, then tax revenues would also be higher—and the actual net cost in revenues would be less than $13.75 billion.

This program would be a good investment even if we had to increase other taxes to cover the revenue loss. For if efforts to improve capital formation are *not* undertaken, Americans will pay in the future through lower

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AND OTHER PIS-ALLERS

Solving the Economic Mess

S. L. VARNADO

I HAVE EMERGED from my recent studies with a strategy of schemes and stratagems for our national economy, and I feel it no small duty to lay these before my distinguished audience. I put the ideas down in no particular order. This is for the sake of spontaneity, inspiration.

Breaking with the Outmoded Past. All economics textbooks of a generation ago denied the possibility of a nation's experiencing inflation and recession at one and the same time. "You can have recession," these texts primly propounded, "or you can have inflation, but you can't have them both together. We won't let you."

Well, of course, that's nonsense. Today we have achieved just such an optimum condition, proving once again what modern science and technology can do if they put their heads together and really try.

I point this out to show the folly of trusting to the economic platitudes of the past. The old ideas are no longer valid. You can no more operate our modern, dynamic, pulsating economy by Gresham's Law or the bromides of Adam Smith than you can conduct a successful riot by Robert's *Rules of Order*. I am convinced, in fact, that the musty platitudes of the past are responsible for about half of our current economic woes. (The other half are probably due to things like people forgetting to write check stubs, golf balls being hit through plate glass windows, and the like. But that is another story.)

In other words, we must make a clean break with the past. It is the only way. Just as there are a Theater of the Absurd and various Philosophies of the Absurd, we need an Economics of the Absurd. True, we have had some of this in recent months from our leaders, but not half enough.

Mr. Varnado is an associate professor of English at the University of Southern Alabama.

The Work Ethic. One of our main problems lies in the persistence among our citizenry of what is termed "The Work Ethic." The phrase refers to that stern and uncompromising philosophy of our forefathers which encouraged frugality, stinginess, early rising, the collecting of string and bottles, the prompt payment of bills, the eating of cold gruel, and bundling. In the early days of our country, this philosophy was held primarily by Protestants. Later, the Ecumenical Movement got hold of it, and all hell broke loose. This "Work Ethic," along with the sayings of Ben Franklin, the novels of Horatio Alger, and the growth of TV game shows, inspired in the populace the dream of becoming rich. Sensing the danger, an intrepid band of sociologists and assorted intellectuals began to inspire in the populace the dream of becoming poor. But with negligible results. This insidious "Work Ethic" persists, acting as a drag on the economy. It must be destroyed, and by any means necessary, including capital punishment. More on this later.

Restoring Public Confidence. One of our oldest economic bromides is that during periods of financial disruption we should foster a spirit of optimism in the populace. At such times, the President is expected to stand up and say things like: "Prosperity is just around the corner"; or "Have a good day"; or simply, "Hot diggity dog!" However, since such pronouncements are generally followed by further disasters, the public has grown wary of them. Today, such talk is likely to set off monetary panics, including the hoarding of gold and Hershey bars, the opening of Swiss bank accounts, and the drinking of Ovaltine. Obviously, today's public is too sophisticated for such a namby-pamby approach. Our leaders would fare better if they were to copy the stern realism of the French aristocrats who, just prior to the Revolution, went around muttering, "*Après moi, le déluge.*" (Free translation: "Last man out of the building turns on the sprinkler system.") Such forthrightness, combined with the distribution of free Alka-Seltzer, would no doubt have a calming effect upon the populace.

Debt Moratoria. All ancient peoples practiced the benign custom of holding an occasional Debt Moratorium. The Jews called them Jubilees, the Romans called them Orgies, and later they were called Clearance Sales. In any case, the effect was the same: debts, along with creditors, were usually wiped out. This had a bracing effect upon anybody left standing around. I feel that this salutary practice should be revived. The date of the moratorium should be announced well in advance, so that everybody can spend heavily, thus encouraging commerce and industry.

Housing Starts and Other Financial Indicators. It is typical of economists as a class that they get terribly upset over certain financial indicators, while totally ignoring others. For example, a disproportionate amount of attention is always paid to the indicator for housing starts. This indicator has been off recently, and from the screams of the economists you would think mankind was about to return to caves.

ACTUALLY, the figures for housing starts are largely illusory. The important figures, if we could get them, would be those for housing finishes. A finished house is much more important than a mere started house, but nobody ever pays much attention to this aspect of the problem.

It would seem to be a simple matter to pep up the figures for housing starts. A corps of voluntary civilian workers (the young, preferably) could be recruited and then organized into a cadre of housing starters. Equipped with hammers, nails, a few awls, boards, beards, and transistor radios, the group could be unleashed upon the economy and told to start houses: a few boards here, a dab of paint there —it wouldn't matter much. Once started, the houses could be immediately abandoned, but the figures could be used to swell the lagging indicator.

Interest Rates and Bankers. Most modern economists (along with most modern politicians) tend to believe that when interest rates go up, bankers are to blame. This view is sometimes

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The Christian Dior Yardstick

MALACHI B. MARTIN

In January 1976, a 3,500-word document bearing the signature of Pope Paul VI was published by one of his ministries. Entitled *Declaration on Certain Questions Concerning Sexual Ethics*, the document was meant to be a restatement of traditional Christian beliefs on premarital sexual relations, homosexuality, and masturbation. The Declaration itself, together with the reception it received here and in Europe, illustrates the deep organizational crisis of the Roman Church and the unenviable plight of ordinary believers. Their problem is less with the Declaration itself than with the curious quality of the debate that it has provoked.

Reactions were, of course, predictable. Certain conservative circles accepted the Declaration enthusiastically. Academics accorded it mild personal approval. Homosexual-rights groups had a series of duck-fits. But of all the groups who reached into their grab-bags of pseudo-theology and *ad hoc* morality, perhaps the most predictable —as well as the most articulate—reaction came from the clerical "scientists": they excoriated the document. "Disappointing" and "out of date" was one priest-psychologist's kindest commentary. And the newspapers and magazines, able to predict the responses of the different camps, each tapped and published the responses most suitable to its particular editorial predilections.

But the absent voice, so to speak, the echo of silence, was that of theology and morals: the voice that should resound for the faithful with the true and ageless teaching authority of the Church and that has always echoed the timeless paradigms of Jesus. In the face of that silence, it is clear to believers that the answers to their fundamental questions do not come from clergy who have sought refuge from their own confusion in secular expertise. Comfort and truth do not come from those who think that by surrounding their scientific degrees with round collars, they can usher faith and belief into the "modern" world; or from those who believe that because they carry rosaries, they can Christianize the TM mentality, or show us that death is something to be "dignified" rather than suffered.

For all their behavioral studies, statistical counts, in-depth analyses, personality profiling, socialist theorizing about Jesus, and Marxist adaptations of the supernatural, these experts have done nothing more than plunge countless numbers of people into the peculiar miasma of our time—a feckless, dreamless, futureless condition, personal and social, where all meaning is absent, where all absolutes are forbidden, and where only self-identity matters. In ten or fifteen years' time (if not by next year), all the current theories will be out of date and replaced. That's science, y'know. Meanwhile, we are expected to accept these theories as the yardsticks by which to judge our loving, our living, and our dying.

Out of Sight

The theologians of the Christian churches have stepped out of sight, behind the wall of modern expertise and political in-fighting. They have been seduced into silence, embarrassed to challenge the popular acceptance of the "experts," and discouraged by the difficulty of doing so in the media, where the "experts" are the darlings of the day. Yet, there is a search abroad among ordinary men and women. They move within the invisible ambient of the divine, where a moral vision touches them continually as their wills interlock with each other and with the will of God. They know instinctively that, as the Declaration puts it, "facts do not constitute a criterion for judging the moral value of human acts." This is the summary reality for believers. They can be taught only from this point of view.

Because so many of their teachers, pastors, and theologians do not teach them in this way, there is a widening abyss between believers and the authorities. The latter, as believers see it, are merely falling into newer fads when, cowed by science, they preach answers and make promises by using the language and method of those very sciences that proudly deny having any religious basis, and that measure the Church by the same criteria as Balenciaga and Christian Dior: "out of date" or "up to date," "disappointing" or "exciting."

Without the Voice of Jesus

Believers are further enmired by the Declaration itself. In its final form, it is a truncated document, lacking the original framework and finish that Paul had envisioned for his instruction on sexual ethics: an ethics concerned with love, with the role of Jesus, with the personal relationship that each of us has with Jesus—a relationship that serves as the only basis for moral judgment. The psycho-biological comments of Catholic thinkers surely leave believers in a vacuum. But the naked diktats of the Declaration are oddly bleak: raw ethics are cold company in a homeless universe.

In all such delicate matters as love and sexuality, the Church of Jesus has an authority peculiar to it alone. It need not depend on the vagaries of sociology or economics to know what human beings should do. With the light of God's changeless wisdom, it knows the profound rules of human behavior, and can refuse to make those rules the whores of passing fads. Theologians abdicate that authority only at the risk of stepping outside the framework of Christian salvation and entering the world of brand-marketing and best-selling ballyhoo where the worth of what they teach is measured by the same criteria as the latest kind of toilet paper and their moral accuracy is determined by buyer ratings.

Believers still wait for Christian theologians to speak: men schooled deeply in responsible theology, informed and aware of conditions today, but neither embarrassed about the rigorous rules of faith nor afraid of the intellectual sneering they will assuredly meet. But theirs will be the timeless voice of Jesus himself. □

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Arts & Manners

FILM

HARVEY E. PHILLIPS

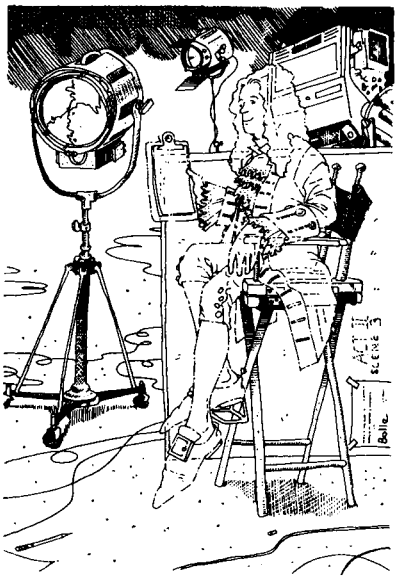
Exquisite Rest Stop

In any poll of opera stage directors, Mozart's *Magic Flute* would place pretty high on the list of problem properties. More than likely these artists either fear tackling it, have attempted it and reaped the worst reviews of their careers, or at best have decided that the solution to its production riddles will be revealed in due course—and they will content themselves with awaiting its eventual appearance.

Why is this so? The music is sublime. Conductors and singers have often been found who can perform it superbly. There are no holes in the composer's lyric inspiration. But what are we to make of the libretto, this morality play steeped in eighteenth-century Viennese freemasonry, this comedy-fantasy set in a timeless land of earthbound gods and goddesses? Do we laugh? Do we look for uplift? Do the yards and yards of spoken dialogue add or subtract? Is it a fairy tale, a dream, or a sermon, this *Singspiel* of Mozart's, his final "German" opera?

IT MAY well be that staged productions of *The Magic Flute* will continue to aim earnestly at and ultimately miss their mark as long as opera will be performed. A curious rest stop on the route of the quest for the holy *Flute*, however, has been established—and it should endure—by Ingmar Bergman. The Swedish director has made a filmed version (originally for television) of the opera that o'erleaps its problematical quality in two ways: first of all, the very fact that he is recreating *Flute* on screen and not on stage takes care of the bothersome question of focus in the opera; and secondly, where he feels it convenient and strengthening, he has rewritten the text. The order of scenes is rearranged, numbers are cut, new relationships between characters are added (Sarastro and the Queen of the Night are feuding husband and wife), and wholly manufactured plot devices are brought in.

Bergman fiddles brilliantly with an opera he treats as precious raw material. If his boldness and imagination point to no usable equivalent for the theater, he has got results that make for a charming and satisfying film. One would hesitate to suggest that opera on the screen needs this "kind" of daring, for in truth it needs Bergman's "quality" of daring. What is evinced, despite the alterations, is a love of *The Magic Flute*. No purist who shares Bergman's patent enthusiasm for this work need be offended.



What Bergman displays, too, is a great affection for the theatrical conventions of opera. He never really "opens up" the action to a naturalistic setting. Everything takes place either on a cramped antique stage complete with shadow-making footlights and creaky curtain or, with the most delicate ambiguity, in studio constructions that one feels can be located only a step or two to the right or left of the proscenium. Fittingly, he is most sparing in the use of cinematic special effects. Appearances of the Queen of the Night, for example, happen as they would on this sort of stage (the exterior of a Drottningholm-like castle theater is shown at the beginning of the Overture), and when he does call on purely camera touches—people moving in a close-up of a locket portrait, Papagena suddenly transformed from a giggly, homely spinster (not the traditional ancient crone) into a bright-eyed charmer—they are handled with a simplicity, almost a naïveté, that is entirely appropriate to the overall tone of the opera.

BERGMAN'S ability to maintain the proper accent extends into almost every area. He risks disaster but finally succeeds wonderfully in intensifying significance by filming each aria in extreme close-up. The occasional patch of whispered dialogue not only aids dramatic credibility but jolts us out of the theater and into a world by several degrees more real. When an ensemble's words have a moral burden, the singers hold up placards showing the text, and this works, too—most winningly. Furthermore, in the matter of costuming he opts for a period that is tantalizingly unspecifiable. It is as if Bergman felt it more important to establish the deeply essential rather than the merely chronological look of his people. And people they all are—except for the wooden, jarringly bad-complexioned faces of the audience that Bergman chooses to dwell on during the Overture; an odd decision, this suspiciously sententious UNICEF greeting card potpourri of racial types.

It is less easy to judge the film's musical worth. The sound track is not especially brilliant sonically, and all voices therefore take on a low-relief aural patina that one tries to hear beyond. Yet one can easily enough conclude that Eric Ericson leads the Swedish State Broadcasting Network Symphony through an unexceptionably astute and lively reading of Mozart's score and that most of the singing is adequate. Birgit Nordin's work in the

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Harvey E. Phillips *is an opera stage director.* . . . **Susan Schwartz McDonald** *lives in Philadelphia and is a dedicated hockey fan.*

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soprano stratosphere of the Queen of the Night perhaps falls unpleasantly below this standard; on the other hand, Josef Köstlinger, the Tamino, if engineers have kept their hands off the dials, appears to be a tenor of taste, freshness, and winning ardor. That he also looks like a prince could not hurt what must be a very young career. The only international name in the cast belongs to Ragnar Ulfung, one of the world's foremost character tenors, who deftly portrays Monostatos.

How Bergman would deal with *The Magic Flute* in a 3,000-seat opera house still remains an unanswered question, perhaps a bogus one, yet hard to avoid given the admirable cohesiveness of this cinematic treatment. That speculation postponed, one may hugely enjoy a happy production, probably—detail by detail—far from anything Mozart might have been capable of imagining, yet, in the final analysis (or rather, in the final smile), convincingly close to his spirit. □

PLACES

LINDA BRIDGES

Until the Revolution

You're just 15 minutes away from the giant Rallye *hypermarché*, says the sign along a main road in Brittany; and it seems to be a symbol of the encroaching twentieth century. A few miles later, on a crossroad, I had to stop the car while an old woman herded her three milk cows through the intersection. . . . Just outside the jet-setters' Deauville, a farmer plows his field with a spirited draft horse. . . . Ten minutes north of the Plexiglassed, space-age Charles de Gaulle Airport, there are thatched-roof cottages, and men hand-cut the roadside grass with scythes. The twentieth century still has a lot of encroaching to do.

Sometimes it seems to be winning. Parisians no longer take their guests up to Montmartre to exclaim with them upon the charm of the rooftops of Paris; they take them up to exclaim with them upon the ugliness of the Montparnasse Tower, an office building that would be right at home on Manhattan's Sixth Avenue, and is depressingly visible from anywhere in Paris. Small shopkeepers are fighting a losing battle against the new *hypermarchés* (the name covers everything from discount stores to shopping centers), which offer lower prices, greater convenience, and inferior quality.

But the French still seem able to use technology without letting it run their lives. Château Lafite-Rothschild is a case in point. A sweeping driveway ("Come up gently," says the sign) leads to the low tile-roofed buildings. After the tour of the caves, the guide shows a film on a super-modern cassette television, the like of which I have seen only in a Madison Avenue ad agency.

The film itself stressed the combination of up-to-date machinery and timeless concern for quality ("Quantity," intoned the very British narrator, "is always the enemy of quality"): Lafite has mechanized plows and spraying equipment; a crushing machine that neatly separates out stems and seeds (grapestompers, alas, have gone with the snows of yesteryear); a gadget the overseer uses to test the sugar content of the growing grapes, supplementing his instinctive feeling as to whether they are ready to harvest. But many things must still be done by hand: hoeing between the vines; picking the grapes; testing the wine during the year it ferments in kegs.

My friend and I had arrived just in time for the film, missing what should have been the last trip through the caves before lunchtime; but the guide, taking pity on us, gave us a private tour, pointing out the huge bottle known as the Impériale—"*Ça, c'est pour les Japonnais*" (only the Americans and the Japanese, a Frenchman in the film-watching group had been saying, can afford Lafite nowadays; fortunately Arabs don't openly drink)—and telling us of "your President's" visit to Baron Elie de Rothschild, who opened a bottle of the 1899 in his honor.

It's very different at Château Mouton Rothschild, Lafite's cousin and rival. Mouton is off the main road, and there are no signs either telling you how to get there or telling you where you are when you've arrived. Mouton is not really set up for tourists (no cassettes here), but if you're tenacious enough to have found the place, they will give you a friendly tour of the caves and of Baron Philippe's wine-related museum, beginning with three magnificent bejeweled rams' heads (it is Château *Mouton*, after all) and ending with a goblet whose handles are made out of adorable flop-eared sheep. Mouton produces roughly as much wine as Lafite: about 200,000 litres a year, which sounds like a great lot until you compare it with the number of wine-drinkers just in France, England, America, and Japan; or with the production of, say, Gallo. Quantity is always the enemy of quality.

A DICTUM that French restaurateurs also heed. From the workingman's café in the Loire valley where the proprietress turned out an amazingly good five-course meal, with a passable local wine, for Fr16 (about $4) a person, to the Michelin-starred elegance of Archestrate, Barrier, and Lasserre, they arrange the menu and the number of patrons to maintain a consistent level of quality.

Michelin used to say, of the three-star restaurants, "Here price has no meaning." Well, obviously it does if one has a finite amount of money; but prices are no higher than in the higher-priced American restaurants: i.e., you can spend as much as you want, by ordering quantities of caviar and 1949 Lafite, but an unstinting three- to five-course meal with a modest wine will run about $40 to $55 a person. For that, you get a sort of time-travel as well: the service and ambiance recall an earlier and more gracious age.

Each table is adorned with fresh flowers and silver birds. None of our party was willing to take up smoking in order to test it, but I have it on good authority that no one lights his own cigarette at Lasserre: although the waiters give no claustrophobic impression of hovering, they are there before you can find your matchbook. And the waiters are not mere bringers of food; they are performing artists. At Barrier, where one of the *spécialités* is duck, cooked rare and sliced paper-thin, the headwaiter does the carving at the table. He has an underwaiter in attendance, who takes each slice of duck before it can hit the platter and lovingly arranges it on the plate.

But the food is what it's all about, and the food is divine: at Barrier, the duck, served with roasted apples, and a pâté of three fishes of the Loire, a mosaic of pink and white fish, green pistachio nuts, and black truffles; at Archestrate (not a three-star, but close), an ethereal mussel soufflé, and dishes no other restaurant has prepared in recent memory, like the *tête de*

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veau en tortue, a rich calf-head casserole; at Lasserre, *pigeon André Malraux* (whether he invented it, inspired it, or just liked it, I don't know; but fortunately, ideology doesn't seem to affect gastronomy: this *pigeon* is delectably stuffed with four kinds of pâté), and profiteroles with the ultimate chocolate sauce.

McDonald's has invaded the Champs-Elysées, but I do believe it would take a second French Revolution to make it the only game in town. □

SPORT

SUSAN S. McDONALD

Squashbuckling

The squire of the middle classes (like the knight of the Middle Ages) is expected to have his own jousting kit: a can of balls and a tennis racquet. Tennis is like that—lots of huff and puff and Munsingwear heraldry, each player fighting to master his own windy fatigue and stab his opponent with a stinging topspin to the backhand. Even if the belligerence is cloaked in bridal whites and muted with athletic decorum, tennis (like chess or polo) is a mime of combat and eroticism. It's also a mixed metaphor of sexual equality —thanks to Billie Jean the Tennis Queen—and a fading insignia of upward mobility, as spurious now as a mail-order family crest. One used to talk of old money and new; one talks now of old tennis and new. "New tennis" is an army of panting, teeth-gritting parvenus like myself who scramble across the clay in sneakers and pom-pom socks.

Personally, I am *off* the stuff, having found the martial art of tennis to be more pain and self-reproach than leisurely fun. I may be shimmying back down the social ladder, but it is decidedly safer on the bottom rung. Until tennis, with its compelling voguishness, nudged me out of a splendid existential lethargy ("I rest; therefore I still am"), I believed firmly that there was no point in shortening my life by stretching my tendons. Back then, ice skating was my only recourse. It is the ideal sport for a natural recliner. You skid along, defying friction with a precipitous momentum, while the ice undertakes to move *you*.

Tennis is another matter. It is a game designed to reduce you, pronto, to your basest common denominators (twitchy, recalcitrant arm muscles, ill-mated hand and eye) even while it elevates you socially. It is perverse and unreliable; difficult to master; difficult to take for granted once mastered.

Tennis is, in short, a treacherous imitation of fun, made even more exasperating by the difficulty of obtaining court-time. When you have to phone days in advance for an appointment, or dash to the court in the middle of a workday to seize the only available slot, it becomes somehow more calculated, more uncomfortably therapeutic, and more threatening than a doctor's appointment. Let my proficient husband hurl childhood epithets like "quitter." Sticks and stones. I'm immune to athletic contumely.

But not, I've found, to racquet sports. You just don't rebuff an arrogant game like tennis and get away with it entirely. Once your palm has been crossed with a racquet of some sort—no matter how much your body fights initially to reject the foreign implant—you begin to grip things with a certain aggressive sophistication. The digital imperative. Umbrella handles, subway straps, and purses are suddenly squashed, wrung, overpowered in your hand, as you recognize hitherto unappreciated lines of power webbing the fingers. So when you can no longer withstand the urge to play the calluses on your palm like buttons on an accordian, you take up squash. It's the racqueteer's methadone.

It's no better than tennis, of course, if you deplore perspiration, as I do: playing squash beads you just as quickly, with all that hit and run. It is, however, an ideal surrogate for people who disdain the crazy popularity of tennis, and take comfort in knowing that they can get in at the ground floor, before all those tennis courtiers switch allegiance to another prince. Besides, a squash racquet is pounds lighter than a tennis racquet, so simply curling your hand around the grip gives you an immediate surge of strength and self-confidence (much needed after tennis has bled you dry and dispirited). I can flip that little dollop of a ball anywhere, you think, feeling suddenly hostile to all the bilious Wilson Dura-balls that hurled themselves against the wood of your racquet with wrist-rattling force.

People who have trouble following through on their tennis forehand and, as a consequence, send their crabbed shots shimmying down the alley or, routinely and disruptively, onto neighboring courts, will be grateful for the four-wall option of squash. The ball is permitted to splat just about anywhere, rebounding valiantly from the boards with just a loose flick of your wrist. Every ball you launch looks good, energized like a comet by your wiry, canny swats.

WHAT IS perhaps nicest of all about squash is the privacy and cozy confinement of the courts. You feel like a troglodyte or a prisoner at first, as you duck your head to enter your own steamy, ball-pocked cell, but once inside, you are grateful for the incarceration. It saves you from public scrutiny and ridicule. The squash court is like a closed bedroom; what you do in there is strictly your own business—and your partner's. By contrast, to play tennis is to be stockaded, held up for public scorn. Especially with tennis courts so scarce, a beginner who fails to meet the ball halfway feels as if he is wasting a valuable public resource. Thinking remorsefully that tennis nouveaus like you should stand aside and let proficiency reign, you muff your quivering serve altogether, missing the ball and slapping yourself in the shin. Never was a self-serving act so full of anguish.

And there's no avoiding it. Every self-respecting middle-class person has to have someone to joust with socially, and some passable skill at galloping headlong toward a ball with a racquet in his grip. That's why I am relieved to be able to lock myself surreptitiously in a squash court. There, at least, any amount of poor play, no matter how much it violates the rules of the game, is legitimate and lawful between consenting adults. I am set so long as racquet sports remain in fashion. Heaven help me if that fashion fades and they change the name of The Game to rollerball. □

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BOOKS

Boys Will Be Rapists

Against Our Will: Men, Women, and Rape
By Susan Brownmiller
Simon & Schuster, 472 pp., $10.95

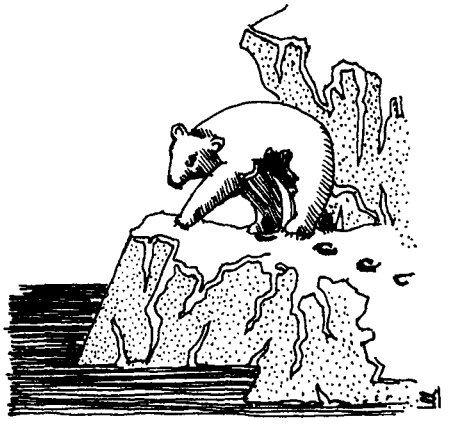
M. J. SOBRAN JR.

Neither Susan Brownmiller nor *Against Our Will* needs much in the way of introduction. There has not been a more spectacular book-club meteor since the days of, oh, Kate Millett, anyway. You *do* remember Kate Millett? Cover of *Time*, and all that? Well, Miss Brownmiller has not only made *Time*'s cover, she has done so as one of 12 Women of the Year. Her book has been a Book of the Month, one of everybody's Ten Best of 1975, and a best-seller. Two *Village Voice* reviewers—Eliot Fremont-Smith, of course, and some dizzy feminist—hailed it in such terms as "landmark" and "classic," thereby announcing not only their own enthusiasm but that of posterity.

At this writing—January 26—it is still a classic, and Miss Brownmiller is still popping up on talk shows, trying to make her thesis sound scientific-like. She holds, as you may know, that rape is no mere aberration of the occasional brute or sociopath, but the act that defines the relations between the sexes: it is *normal*, central to the whole system of male oppression of women, producing benefits even for men who do not rape—and they know it. As she puts it in a much quoted sentence, rape is really "a conscious process of intimidation by which *all men* keep *all women* in a state of fear." (Her italics.)

Now the funny thing is that Miss Brownmiller does not seriously try to prove this. She offers some awfully confident speculations about prehistory, when man "must have" learned to rape and threaten rape. She prances through recorded history, plucking out the male atrocity and the *faux pas* with equal indignation. She concludes on a personal note, describing her fun in her self-defense class when she learned to hurt and frighten men. Not men who had wronged her: just men, plain old men, implicated by their genitals in the war of every man against every woman. If they are not rapists, why then they are cryptorapists, cashing in on the dirty work of the guy who jumps women in the alley: the common police-blotter rapist is the "Myrmidon" of his fellow males, subserviently sowing terror on their behalf, thereby forcing women to depend on them for protection from him.

All of *Against Our Will* is animated by hostility to men as such. "Male" is itself a term of reproach, as in "outdated male values." Miss Brownmiller speaks casually, and with a straight face, of "egocentric, rapacious man," by which she seems not to mean one kind of man as opposed to another, but



simply to express the character of men in general, as "many-wiled Odysseus" describes Odysseus without suggesting there's another one with fewer wiles. And of course "*all men*" terrify women, and consciously. How is this undifferentiated hatred of a whole sex different from that which drives the rapist? On the other side, she treats women less as a biological category than as a sort of tribe, to which loyalty is owed. She even denounces Ayn Rand as "a traitor to her own sex" because she glorifies a rape in one of her novels: Randian woman, assaulted by Randian man, lies back and enjoys it. Solidarity with your own sex, in Miss Brownmiller's view, seems to have higher claims than romance with the other.

How preposterous. Do I even have to say so? Is there anyone out there who doesn't *know* it's preposterous? Yoo-hoo! Fremont-Smith! I'm talking to you! It's so obviously cuckoo that even the book's praisers keep a prudent distance from its thesis—which makes no sense, since it is the thesis that makes it a book. We hardly needed Miss Brownmiller to tell us that rape is despicable, even if she does tend to talk as if it were legal everywhere but in a few counties in Alabama. We know too that it is one of the gruesome features of war: so why heap honors on her merely for collecting the data? The whole point of her book is the tendentiousness of her research: all of it serves a polemic purpose against a whole sex. Her only original contribution, as far as I can see, is to tell me that I am either a rapist or the conscious and willing beneficiary of other men's rapes.

I do admire her cunning as a self-promoter. She has managed to put nearly all her male reviewers on the defensive. They stand accused; they may not simply judge the book like other books, but are under a subtle pressure to vindicate themselves. What she is engaged in, really, is not scholarship but henpecking—that conscious process of intimidation by which all women keep all men in terror. Indeed, only one man, to my knowledge, has dared to attack her book, and reader, you're looking at him.

"It's intelligent—a rarity and a thrill—and it's handsomely written," marvels Fremont-Smith. This is almost the contrary of the truth. Consider: is rape a

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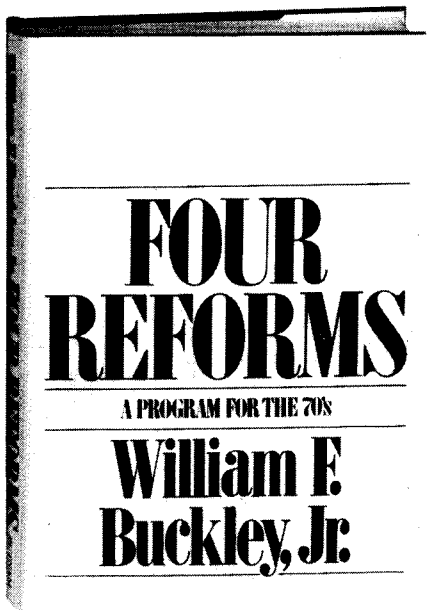
Here's a book every American ought to own...



Yes, especially now, in this vitally important election year, it will be hard to find anything more on-target than Wm. F. Buckley's "Four Reforms – A Program for the Seventies." This remarkable book deals with the gut issues that may well decide the coming national election – Taxation, Crime, Welfare and Education (plus two extra proposals concerning the Aged and Presidential Tenure that you will find intriguing). These are issues we struggle with day in and day out. How we handle them will determine the "quality of life" Americans can expect for themselves (and for their children) in the years ahead.

Buckley comes up with solutions that are ingenious, often breathtaking in conception, but always logical, and common-sense *practical.* It's refreshing to encounter new and workable ways to take the sting out of taxation; to respond to the welfare needs of our society *without ripping off the taxpayer;* to cut through the "watery sentiments that obstruct, delay, and defeat the prosecution of crime"; to snatch control of education from the hands of bureaucrats and jurists, and restore it to the people whose children are being educated.

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"process" of intimidation? No, it is a violent act, though it may be *part* of such a process, which I gather is what she means to say. She also speaks of men's historical "conscious process of intimidation, guilt, and fear." What *is* a process of guilt and fear? She must mean a process of *instilling* guilt and fear. But in that case "fear" is redundant, since "intimidation" means "instilling fear." The sloppiness is not only intellectual but stylistic: "Punishment for raping a virgin of property was thoughtfully reduced to castration and the loss of both eyes by William the Conqueror." She means that William reduced the penalty, not that he inflicted it. Why not just "castration and blinding"? And why "thoughtfully"? Apparently this is just Miss Brownmiller's compulsive sarcasm ("knowledgeable humor," her publisher calls it), which so often insists on manifesting her sentiments even when it obscures her sense. Thus the reader takes it that she thinks the story of Potiphar's wife is a male fabrication, not because she offers any evidence or reasons but because her tone conveys her pervasive suspicion that it would be just like a man to invent such a yarn. She is really a sound-effects specialist, and she has caught the tune of the time, and the Fremont-Smiths like the music so much they pay no attention to the words. □

The Social History of the Machine Gun
By John Ellis
Pantheon, 186 pp., $12.95

OUT THERE IN NO MAN'S LAND

D. KEITH MANO

A flare has stagelit the battlefield. Out there, out in no man's land, John Ellis lies helpless, pinned down by his own intellectual crossfire. Not me, I'm not crawling from my pleasant trench to pull him off the barbed wire; it's great fun hearing Ellis shriek for help from either side, both sides, anyone. The machine gun, Ellis will tell you, stands as a synecdoche of our murderous, impersonal age. Fair enough; perceptive enough; worth maybe a B—. But having isolated that image, Ellis goes into rapid decline. His title is somewhat better than his book.

The usual highly charged sentences appear: "Thus, if it is only natural that an American should have the tools and the know-how to make the finest machine gun, it is equally logical that it should be someone from that country who would actually want to turn killing into a matter of turning a crank or depressing a button." Now, no one can *like* machine guns. No one could say that they had improved the quality of life. Ellis, an anti-capitalist, anti-colonialist, anti-war liberal, surely can't afford to like them. On the other hand, there are irritating problems. Resistance to machine warfare came from landed, aristocratic elements in the military, from Alfred E. Neuman types like Generals Haig and French. Now, no one can *like* landed, aristocratic imbeciles. Ellis surely can't afford to. "Machines had brought with them industrialization and the destruction of the traditional social order; they must not be allowed to undermine the old certainties of the battlefield—the glorious charge and the opportunities for individual heroism. The machine gun threatened to do just this." Ellis suggests that World War I was lost—or prolonged—on the playing fields of Eton. He cocks a snook at the incumbent military leaders. Their guns were equipped only with hindsights: cavalry, the bayonet, personal heroism. True, but they also despised, as being in bad taste, the cruel overkill of technological war. Whom is Ellis for? The gun? Colonel Blimp? Both? Neither? Ellis' prejudices fly back, on the ricochet, to enfilade his own position.

IF THE BOOK has significance—and this is not without its irony—that significance lies in Ellis' snide assessment of the professional soldier. "And within each nation the army above all, nourished as it has been by old ideals of personal combat and honorable death, found it most difficult to face up to a concept of war in which death struck whole regiments at a time . . ." Yet, certainly, the "old ideals" were noble and even, within war's peculiar context, civilized. The phrase "military-industrial complex" (think of Herblock's bullet-headed caricatures) has become a modern blasphemy. The truth is different. Military men have always regarded technological achievements with disdain and suspicion. In fact, the professional officer corps has served as a conservative balance, a drogue chute. Few recent wars have been inspired by the military. Professionalism, which tends to be bureaucratic, time-serving, has mitigated the worst enthusiasms of government and its intemperate propaganda.

Tone, though, is the great equalizer. It gives Ellis away: he's a closet member of the NRA. Despite all spinsterish protestations, Gatling and Maxim and Browning are heroic. Ellis is fascinated by things that go bang in the night. "But whatever one might think of the rather suspect business practices of some of those early American inventors . . ." When that sentence arrives the only "suspect practices" mentioned have been a) advertising, and b) profit-making. Indeed, the book engrosses only when inventor and invention are up against some stupid supply officer. Ellis roots for the machine gun. Even in Africa, where Maxims were a most useful addition to the "racialist" white man's burden, fire power, efficiency, and rounds per minute upstage conventional wrist-wringing over thousands of dead and black spear carriers. You'd expect, wouldn't you, some sniping at the legendary war-for-profit arms merchants? Ellis ducks the sniping. "There does seem to be some evidence," he says, but "this is not the place to examine such a broad issue." If not here, in a social history, then where? When you cough up $12.95 for fewer than two hundred pages (and Ellis accuses *Maxim* of overpricing) you deserve a broad issue or two.

What comes next, as we say in the cement game, is inert filler. There are perfunctory sections devoted to the machine gun and gangsterism, the ma-

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chine gun and film: that special sort of mindless survey invented for coffee-table volumes. And, if you can find someone to turn the pages, try sleeping through Ellis' repetitive four-yawn summary. A lesson, though, has been taught: technologically immature nations get shafted in war. *The Social History of the Machine Gun* should be used as evidence at a defense appropriations hearing. That would really make Ellis shriek out there in no man's land. □

Edith Wharton, A Biography
By R. W. B. Lewis
Harper, 592 pp., illus., $15

PRISONER OF LIFE

ARAM BAKSHIAN JR.

Toward the end of her days, novelist Edith Wharton wrote of Henry James that "The Master's" meandering style of expression meant something very special to those who really knew him. The "elaborate hesitancies, far from being an obstacle, were like a cobweb bridge flung from his mind to theirs, an invisible passage over which one knew that silver-footed ironies, veiled jokes, tiptoe malices, were stealing to explode a huge laugh at one's feet." The redoubtable Mrs. Wharton took a similar attitude toward the twists and turns of life. In a long and, in many respects, sorrow-filled existence, she never lost her zest for the ironies, the jokes, the malices, and the occasional explosions of mirth, passion, or inspiration. A prisoner of life, she was trapped by (or was she really clinging to?) the fascinating web of human relationships and experiences that made bearable her basic view of the world as a series of snares and muted tragedies.

But she was more than a spectator; she wrote. Because she was a patrician (one of the old New York Joneses), Mrs. Wharton devoted most of her pages to characters with similar backgrounds, *Ethan Frome* and a few short stories aside. This had an unfortunate short-term side effect. The new wave of post-World War I writers, glorying in proletarian sweat, gore, and ruttishness, considered her writing an anachronism long before her death in 1937. Like Mrs. Wharton, her characters might occasionally sin, but they were invariably polite and well-scrubbed, and never overdone—in short, hopelessly civilized. Yet, as Janet Flanner noted in one of her Paris letters of the 1930s, "Mrs. Wharton had the tender and reserved sentiments of the truly literate." She was also one of the few genuinely cultivated women (or men) of letters in this century to achieve immense success on the American popular market without pandering to the plebs or vulgarizing her style. This achievement by itself makes her that delightful rarity, a truly liberated *lady*; and, in Professor Lewis, she has at last found a masterly, *gentlemanly* biographer. It is not often that one comes across such an ideal literary marriage and I urge any reader who enjoys a good biography to buy the Lewis tome and savor it slowly. It is a long book but not a bloated one; each page is filled with fresh insights into Edith Wharton and the several eras she lived through and helped illumine —from gilded Victorian, Edwardian, and Georgian to the Grim Thirties.

Some CRITICS have made much of Professor Lewis' revelation that the supposedly stiff, frosty Mrs. Wharton had a turbulent autumn affair with a younger man, the slightly slippery and sinister Morton Fullerton, and that she also left behind a pornographic novel fragment dealing in near-mechanical detail with the theme of incest. The fragment is written with flair, but in the standard mode of upper-class Edwardian pornography—perhaps on a dare, or simply because Mrs. Wharton wanted to prove to herself that, had she wanted to, she could have out-sizzled James Joyce and company. However, neither the liaison nor the scarlet letters really show us much that is new about Edith Wharton. It was already obvious from her published works that she was not only a woman of feeling, but a woman who had *felt*, although when, where, and with whom were previously unanswered questions.

Add to Mrs. Wharton's work as an artist her furiously paced travels, her selfless war-time relief activities, her rich social life, and her transatlantic network of friends (ranging from Teddy Roosevelt to Henry James), and you have a brilliant and brilliantly depicted life-and-times panorama. Professor Lewis' inspired biography, at once warm, scholarly, and objective, is as deserving of recognition, and every bit as captivating, as his remarkable subject —an artist who, at the end of a long and punishing emotional life, could still write convincingly that, "I wish I knew what people meant when they say they find 'emptiness' in this wonderful adventure of living, which seems to me to pile up its glories like an horizon-wide sunset as the light declines. I'm afraid I'm an incorrigible life-lover, life-wonderer, and adventurer." How fortunate for us that Edith Wharton was. □

The New Golden Land: European Images of America from the Discoveries to the Present Time
By Hugh Honour
Pantheon, 300 pp., $20

IMAGES, GOLDEN AND LEADEN

RUTH BERENSON

Perhaps because we Americans are such a self-conscious people, we have always doted on reading what others think about us, whether their impressions are flattering or the opposite. From Tocqueville and Mrs. Trollope to Simone de Beauvoir and Jürg Federspiel, European authors have been able to bank on the fact that whatever they wrote about America, Americans, if not their own countrymen, would buy their books and ponder them. Which makes it rather surprising that until now, no one has bothered to investigate how European artists, as opposed to writers, have visualized America over the years, what image they created, and to what extent that image is based on reality. Now a British art historian, Hugh Honour, has done the job, and done it superbly. His beautifully illustrated book—published in connection with the Bicentennial exhibition "The European View of America," organized jointly by Washington's National Gallery, the Cleveland Museum of Art, and France's Réunion des Musées Nationaux (Mr. Honour is also responsible for the scholarly catalogue accompanying the exhibition)—is a fascinating piece of research that should be read by everyone concerned with the American image, present as well as past.

Among the many Europeans who have drawn or painted America, only

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RANDOM NOTES

■ More March Titles: Louis Auchincloss' new novel is a 300-year family saga done in the historical-fiction, fictional-history vein called *The Winthrop Covenant* (Houghton Mifflin, $8.95). . . . Cass Canfield, whose ancestors were all mixed up in the history of colonial times, has written *Samuel Adams' Revolution: With the Assistance of George Washington, Thomas Jefferson, Benjamin Franklin, John Adams, George III, and the People of Boston,* and with a little help by way of an introduction by Richard B. Morris (Harper, $7.95). . . . John Herbers says, Yes, Virginia, politicians do tell lies to the press, in *No Thank You, Mr. President* (Norton, $7.95). . . . Charles W. Colson, who not only told but *made* lies, makes good after all in *Born Again* (Chosen Books, $8.95).

John Brooks tells you all about AT&T and All That in *Telephone: The First Hundred Years* (Harper, $12.50). . . . Wernher von Braun and Frederick I. Ordway III question, among other things, the discovery of the rocket by the ancient Chinese in *The Rockets' Red Glare* (Doubleday, $9.95). . . . A teenaged couple with underprivileged case-histories run amok in William Allen's *Starkweather: A Chronicle of Mass Murder in the Fifties* (Houghton Mifflin, $7.95). . . . Having recently described what nearly everybody at the time except Harry Truman took to be the Death of the United States, Jim Bishop now weighs in with *The Birth of the United States* (Morrow, $6.95).

■ Oh-Go-Do-It-Yourself Books for February: The ad copy says: "how to skip the mazes and get all the cheese"; the book is by Carl Frederick and called *EST: Playing the Game* (*The Game of Life) the New Way* (Delacorte, $3.95). . . . Well-fed imperialists are exhorted by Mohan Chablani and Brahm Dixit to eat Indian; the invitation is entitled *The Bengal Lancers Indian Cookbook* (Regnery, $12.50). . . . Learn how to deflate your budget and inflate your property values with Roger Grounds's *Grow Your Own Vegetables* (Van Nostrand Reinhold, $8.95). . . . Find out what details of bird life in Greece and Portugal are unknown in editors James Ferguson-Lee, Quentin Hockliffe, and Ko Zweeres' *A Guide to Birdwatching in Europe* (Scribner's, $9.95). . . . There's a good recipe for making catnip in Dr. Jean Pommery's *What to Do Till the Veterinarian Comes* (Chilton, $7.95). . . . "There's a warmer feeling . . . eating in the living room," say Maria Luisa and Jack Denton Scott, in *Informal Dinners for Easy Entertainment* (Simon & Schuster, $8.95).

a handful were first-rate artists. Relatively few had a first-hand acquaintance with their subject; they based their images, especially during the early centuries, on written descriptions. But this did not deter them from establishing, almost as soon as it became clear that Columbus had found not Asia but a new continent, stereotypes that have determined the way Europeans looked at us ever since. Their image is a two-sided one, the result of what Mr. Honour calls "bifocal vision."

On the one hand they depicted America, that new land, as an unspoiled Eden peopled with noble savages, naked or at most sporting a few feathers, whose idyllic existence before the white man came was one of pure innocence. Artists drew and painted people—even the cannibals, whose existence seems to have been first reported in Amerigo Vespucci's account of his second voyage—as Greek gods. Jan Mostaert, whose *West Indian Scene* is the earliest European painting of the New World, shows them as classical nudes in an Arcadian landscape, menaced by a group of heavily armed Spaniards like those who were invading Mostaert's native Netherlands at the time this picture was painted. His treatment prefigures the way European painters would render noble Indians and villainous white men for centuries to come. It was not long before the African slave joined, or was substituted for, the Indian as sacrificial victim in a complex stereotype that is still as potent as the image of America itself—that of a new Promised Land, fruitful, fertile, redolent of opportunity.

On the other hand, European artists depicted the Indians as brutal, cruel devil-worshippers—Caliban types, like the feather-crowned demon in an *Inferno* painted by an anonymous Portuguese contemporary of Mostaert. This negative attitude extended to the American land itself, with its sinister jungles, desert wastes, and climatic extremes hostile to civilization. Nineteenth-century broadsides attempting to discourage emigration to the New World made much of its unpleasant aspects; twentieth-century Europeans who, like the German Expressionists, picture America as a brutal skyscrapered wilderness, or, like the British Pop artist David Hockney, portray it as a place so clean and antiseptic as to be uninhabitable, are merely updating an old cliché.

From the beginning, Europeans have looked upon us as curiosities. Mexican carvings, featherwork, ornaments of gold and silver (most, alas, subsequently melted down for their content) adorned the *Wunderkammer* of Europe's princes ("All the days of my life I have seen nothing that has gladdened my heart so much as these things," said Albrecht Dürer when he saw Charles V's Mexican treasures). Corn, potatoes, tomatoes, chocolate, tobacco; toucans, anteaters, parrots—all were imported and admired, as were the Indians who, from Columbus on, were periodically transported across the seas to be gaped at and painted by artists like George Romney and Eugène Delacroix. (The latter, however, was less awed by them than was his companion, George Sand, who professed herself horrified at the "hideous scenes of initiations into mysteries, of agony, of torture . . .") But white Americans visiting the Old World created a great sensation too—at least Benjamin Franklin did. He was painted by Fragonard, Duplessis, and Greuze, sculpted many times by Houdon, and his homely fur-capped head was so often engraved, etched, and reproduced on porcelain that it threatened to displace the long-established allegorical figure of a naked female crowned with feathers and riding on an alligator that for centuries had been the shorthand symbol of America.

Strangely, the American exile of so many European artists during World War II—Tanguy, Chagall, Lipchitz among them—inspired only a few to try to convey their experience of the New World. Except for Piet Mondrian —whose *Broadway Boogie Woogie* and *Victory Boogie Woogie* recall New

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York's grid-patterned streets and brilliant neon lighting—and Max Ernst, most ignored it. Perhaps they agreed with Degas, who wrote on his visit to New Orleans in 1872 that "One does nothing here—it lies in the climate." Or perhaps these artists simply could not reconcile their long-held image—a land of dream and nightmare, of romance and hate, of beauty and ugliness—with the reality of America as they experienced it. □

Power Shift: The Rise of the Southern Rim and Its Challenge to the Eastern Establishment
By Kirkpatrick Sale
Random House, 362 pp., $12.95

ZAPPING THE SPITTLE ZONE

CHILTON WILLIAMSON JR.

Philosophically and aesthetically, *Power Shift* is a negligible book. It has none of the solidity and comprehensiveness of another Sale opus—*SDS*, the history of that unsavory alphabet society—and some of its defects, most particularly a crippling refusal to engage in pragmatic empathy with the unconverted, which bars its author from making sense of the great American political divides. Unhappily, what new lessons in the art of bookwriting Sale has learned since 1973, his previous pub date, turn out to have been meretricious. In tone *Power Shift* is at once journalistically slick and radically "authentic"; it drops many a cliché and indulges in numerous stylistic gimmickries; and it represents the fantastic simplification of an already simple proposition that is not even original to Kirkpatrick Sale. Most of what Sale has to say has been said before: the intelligent parts by Kevin Phillips, the unintelligent parts (devoted mostly to the perversions of a certain decayed golfer and friends at Rancho La Costa Country Club) by the worst people's worst columnists and anchormen. *Power Shift* is another excellent indication that the recent "no-growth" philosophy is as applicable to publishing as to California: its development ought to have been terminated when it reached the rosy amplitude of a bouncing magazine article.

Simply put—there is no other way to state it—Sale's thesis is that the Southern Rim, "the broad band of America that stretches from Southern California through the Southwest and Texas, into the Deep South and down to Florida," has since 1945 been the principal and unfailing beneficiary of the predominant trends—demographic, economic, and political—prevailing in the United States. Nourished by the tiger's milk of an imperial economy, the Rim has attained to power and to an influence so overweening as to allow it first to challenge and then to dominate—through the Nixon Administration, its most poisonously succulent fruit—the traditional Northeastern Establishment. Sale describes the southward shifting of the population toward a climate fit for suckling brats and cranky septuagenarians; he describes how certain favorable geographic factors (most especially, an abundance of physical space) have caused many new industries (particularly the technological, aerospace, and defense industries) to birth themselves within the Rim; he describes the (to him) Byzantine favors, mainly pecuniary, that Congress lavishes upon these industries in return for the protection of the country against the machinations of Russian polytechnic grads; the offers of encouragement to the oil and natural gas industries and "agribusiness," all of which keep the United States supplied with things that make even socialists happy; and the gradual ascendancy of the "Rimians" on Capitol Hill, as well as the multiplying possibilities available to them for the extension of the sway of their *Weltanschauung* over the rest of us.

THE Southern Rim is, for Sale, a study in political and economic pathology, just as, for Henry Mencken, it was a study in cultural pathology. He regards it as a vast stew of Ku Kluxers, venal mobile home salesmen, loaded-dice Mafiosi, limousined Baptist preachers, washermen who take in greenbacks, red-baiting politicos, hit men, and tycoons whose snot is oil: a land where "can do" parades itself as a respectable ethical system, where ignorance is bliss, and where theological and political fundamentalism is reducible to a sort of quasi-sadism. At the heart of this pathology is "the still-potent frontier experience of most of the Southern Rim," a powerful expression of which is "the attachment to the *land*, especially the emphasis upon property and its inviolability, to be defended with a shotgun if necessary." The sort of society that this mentality produces, Sale argues, can "grow up anywhere, at almost any time. In the last quarter of the nineteenth century, that society was to be found in the Northeast, where a culture of rapid growth produced . . . the whole stinking swill of nineteenth-century capitalism out of which the current Northeastern Establishment has risen. In the middle of the twentieth century, that society was to be found in the Southern Rim." Sale's great nightmare is that before the Northeast—that recently and only partially enlightened area—can socialize the Rim, the Rim will rebarbarize the Northeast.

WHAT IS of greater interest than the book's two principal theses (that the South is increasing in both prosperity and influence is accepted wisdom by now; that this fact has national political implications has been better studied by Kevin Phillips) is the disapproval with which Sale regards the phenomena to which he has addressed himself: a disapproval which appears to cause him much unhappiness and which, I suspect, his recent researches for his book on Ghana did nothing to alleviate.

For it is unlikely that Sale would agree with Pat Moynihan that socialism is better at distributing wealth in a developed society than it is at creating it in an underdeveloped one; and much of what Sale is pleased to call the Southern Rim has, for a century, been an underdeveloped society. But since World War II the South, for years laughed at as "the hookworm and pellagra" and "nocturnal emissions belt," has been bestirring itself, has begun to contribute its share to the national welfare; concomitantly, the Southwest is seeking to divest itself of its reputation as the nation's tubercle and spittle zone. Civilization in America, once relegated to the Northeast, is backing up against the national boundaries like water in a plugged tub. Sale and his ilk, watching the process, are horrified to observe that this force is proceeding according to the mores of a frontier society: underneath it all they espy what Sale himself calls an "anti-democratic current." And yet that current is quite palpably less anti-

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democratic in its thrust than it is Jacksonian-democratic—redolent of the spirit of an editorial written in 1847 by Walt Whitman, then a newspaper editor: "Under a proper organization, and even to a great extent as things are, the wealth and happiness of the citizens could hardly be touched by government, could neither be retarded nor advanced. . . . In this wide and naturally rich country, the best government is indeed 'that which governs least.'" If you want to talk about corrupt infringement *in practice* upon that philosophy, that's another matter entirely.

THUS IT IS that Mr. Sale appears to have arrived, since his days as a member of SDS, at a reappraisal of the elitist Northeastern Establishment, where Whitman is better known for his homosexuality than for his political theory. One gets the impression that, were Nelson Rockefeller's Maine villa, with Mr. Rockefeller aboard it, sawn away from the New England coast and left to drift into the North Atlantic, Kirkpatrick Sale might well be persuaded to run with Rocky's minions. No enemy to the north of Nashville! □

BOOKS IN BRIEF

THE NOVEL AND THE CINEMA, *by Geoffrey Wagner (Fairleigh Dickinson, 394 pp., $15).* Cinema is literate, it partakes of literature, but must it consist of narrative literature? In a study of exquisite depth and stylistic grace, Professor Wagner attempts to answer that question, showing after many breathtaking leaps and turns that as film is the art of a technocracy, it is "ineluctably narrative." The whys and wherefores of film's connection with narrative literature consume Wagner's attention; he takes up a thought of Sir Herbert Read's—"reduce the art of writing to its fundamentals and you come to this single aim: to convey images by means of words. But to convey *images*"—and enlarges upon that, drawing into his weave a stunning array of perceptions and examples to explain what happens to the medium of the written word when translated into that of the visual image. Several of the most memorable films of five decades receive here expert dissections, both as films and as filmed treatments of written works. Wagner is that most sophisticated of writers, for whom *how* what is being conveyed is more significant than just *what* is being conveyed. *The Novel and the Cinema* makes for hard but compelling reading. Its scope is vast. It should grasp the attention of any serious appreciator of the cinema; more than that—which is sufficient in itself—it is (in the non-psychedelic-drug sense) a mind-expanding item, the reading of which should add layers of pleasure to one's future viewing of the movies discussed and those of their quality that will surely follow. Books about film are every day clogging the shelves of any decent bookstore; decent books about film are everywhere available; great books about film, like Geoffrey Wagner's, are godsends.

DAVID BRUDNOY

HOPE AND FEAR IN WASHINGTON, *by Barney Collier (Dial, 254 pp., $8.95).* The genre of Gonzo (read: neo-gauche) Journalism "popularized" by Hunter Thompson feeds largely upon itself. Like Cantonese cuisine, it is alternately sweet and sour, with precious little staying power. Such is the final impression of Mr. Collier's story of the Washington press corps in the early Seventies, quickly digested and sooner forgotten. A pity, for it has the ingredients of a first-rate book. Collier's 13 years as a journalist have provided him with a perceptive insight into the foibles of the fourth estate. His sketches of Rather and Buchwald are crisply drawn. The brothers Kalb too are nicely done, but things soon run to muck. Collier's instincts veer toward the groin, and the effect is simply offensive. It's not that Reston, Sevareid, Bradlee, Quinn, et al. do not deserve to be taken down several notches. The saliva flows as one imagines these targets fixed within Mencken's sights. But alas, Collier is no Mencken and the cheap shot remains bad sport: shades of graffiti on a bathroom wall. Which translated means a best-seller. The Gonzos may lack style but they know how to turn a fast buck.

ALAN L. MILLER

THE SEVEN SISTERS: *The Great Oil Companies and the World They Made, by Anthony Sampson (Viking, 334 pp., $10).* At least in theory, both conservatives and liberals should be against the status quo in petroleum; we have neither atomistic pure competition nor a system of government regulation—at least not regulation by the governments of the oil-consuming countries. Mr. Sampson's brief journalistic history of the international oil cartel makes for lively reading—Gulbenkian's "Red Line Agreement," the "yellow peril" of Shell, "phantom freight" or Gulf-of-Mexico-plus, and "six Sheiks and a Shah"—and he is very good at reporting the political machinations of the last several years. The birth and growth of OPEC is carefully recorded, the connection between big oil and big government is developed at considerable length, and the story of the embargo is ably recounted. In one delicious passage, Mr. Sampson notes that the rhetoric used by the OPEC countries to defend their incredible 1973-74 price increase as "dictated by the forces of supply and demand" was stolen from the major oil companies, who had steadfastly talked about market forces as the explanation for their price postings. (The sisters lost control not only of their oil monopoly, but of their bunkum monopoly as well.) But the strengths of the book—a lively style and an appreciation of political nuance—are also its weaknesses. Mr. Sampson's use of statistics is largely unorganized and anecdotal; he relies excessively on the "soft research" of congressional hearings and studies (for example, he doesn't even mention Michael Tanzer's fine book on the political economy of international oil and the less developed countries), and he attempts very little economic analysis. The central questions of the book—Who is responsible? Who is to control whom?—have not been answered to date. Multinational problems probably require coordinated multinational answers. Although only time will tell whether other nations will revert to "beggar-thy-neighbor" policies, the actions of the OPEC countries are certainly a step in that direction.

GEORGE J. VIKSNINS

CURTAIN, *by Agatha Christie (Dodd, Mead, 185 pp., $5.95).* Mystery writing is the most self-parodying of all genres, and the brilliance of Agatha Christie, who was almost certainly the greatest mystery writer who ever lived, is that the more complex, logical, and imaginative her solutions are, the more hilarious is the implied parody of whodunit clichés. *Curtain*, written three decades ago in Christie's creative prime but not published until now, may be her very best work. Hercule Poirot's last adventure has the same setting as his first, *The Mysterious Affair at Styles*, and the same Woosterishly stupid narrator, Hastings. The echoes of that first Christie book, Poirot's ill-health and age, the similar situation of the author, and our knowledge that Poirot will die this time, all combine to induce the reader to share Hastings' morbid, gloomy, sentimental, and poignantly nostalgic reaction to his latest meeting with the Belgian detective. Readers are warned not to let this emotional atmosphere put them off guard. Poirot asks Hastings to help him thwart a multiple murderer whose crimes are always blamed on other people, so that we're seeking not only the identity of the murderer (which Poirot already knows) but the identities of the potential victim and potential scapegoat. As always, Poirot wins. His triumph is threefold: he defeats an ingenious criminal, has the last laugh on the reader's patronizing sympathy, and avenges his creator for Edmund Wilson's attack on her in his essay "Who Cares Who Killed Roger Ackroyd?" If you read that essay, and can guess which of Wilson's statements about murderers in fiction is dead wrong, you have the key to the method (and therefore the identity) of the murderer in *Curtain*.

STEVE OWNBEY

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VARNADO

(Continued from page 215)

referred to as the Patman Principle. The general idea seems to be that bankers raise their interest rates out of sheer malevolence. The solution suggested by most economists is the incarceration and torture of bankers.

While I accept the analysis itself, the solution strikes me as barbaric. If the bankers raise their interest rates because of personal whims and animosities, it should be possible to cajole them into lowering the rates for similar reasons. Why fight when detente is a possibility? In other words, how about a little of the old Dale Carnegie/ Henry Kissinger methodology?

For a start, one day out of the year might be proclaimed Bankers' Day. I envision festivities and parties (with paper hats made out of old stock certificates), ticker tape parades, the carrying about of bankers on the shoulders of the proletariat, the singing of raucous songs ("B Is for the Billions That You Lend Us"), and other fun happenings too numerous to mention. I wager we would soon see interest rates lowered and, in some cases, abandoned entirely.

Unemployment. When unemployment is prolonged or intense, the public always reacts with some degree of frenzy. This is especially true during periods when work is hard to find and jobs are scarce. There is a tendency, during such periods, for the public to curse and mutter, march on Washington, and make jokes at the expense of Walter Cronkite. All this stems, of course, from that same insidious "Work Ethic" that I spoke of earlier. As a nation, we feel that other people should be busy most of the time, whether there is anything to do or not.

The Puritans handled the unemployment problem by putting idle folk in the stocks and throwing eggs at them, a solution unacceptable today for humanitarian reasons and because of the price of eggs.

A later generation used a more subtle method. If a man was found lying about in an idle posture, people would come up to him and begin quoting the proverbs of Franklin, the poems of Longfellow, or some of the snappier sayings of Ralph Nader.

In our own day, we threaten vagrants and the idle with government jobs. We say that the government should be "the employer of last resort." This phrase, however, has done irreparable harm by causing government employment plans to fail. It suggests that a man will work for the government only if he is on the point of insanity or suicide. There is, perhaps, a measure of truth here, but it should not be bruited about.

A simple change of phraseology would entice millions of the jobless onto government payrolls. Instead of calling the government "the employer of last resort," we should speak of the government as a *Pis-Aller* (pronounced pē-za-lā'). This is a French phrase that means, in fact, "last resort." Contrary to popular belief, it has no dirty implications. It has a dignified tone and an illustrious history. I found the phrase in a book called *A Guide to Famous French Pis-Allers,* which is a companion volume to *French Phrases for the Pis-Aller Crowd.* Historians tell us that Napoleon used the phrase in his quarrels with Josephine; that it brought a certain stability to the Third Republic; and that it was the rallying cry of the Free French Paratroopers when they lined up for Latrine Call. I think the phrase would attract many workers who would not be caught dead working for "the employer of last resort." After all, it sounds about as good as DuPont. □

SIMON

(Continued from page 214)

standards of living and higher unemployment.

3. *Under tax integration, most tax savings would go to businesses that pay out big sums in dividends, and not to firms that plow money back into expansion.*

By reducing taxes on capital formation, integration will increase the overall incentive to invest. It is true that corporations that pay out a large fraction of their dividends will benefit the most by integration in the short run, but this would only correct the inequity currently suffered by their stockholders—in every income class—who now pay higher taxes on their investments than stockholders of low-dividend-paying corporations. In any case, since integration would lower the taxes on all corporations (except those that retain 100 per cent of their earnings), the incentive to invest income in stocks, including dividend income, will rise.

The proposed policy will thus improve the ability of the high-dividend-

(Continues on page 229)

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(NR extends maximum freedom in this column, but NR's maximum freedom may be another man's straitjacket. NR reserves the right to reject any copy deemed unsuitable. —Pub.)

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NICHOLAS KING:

The UN Rolls Over.

Variety has reported that UN diplomats are regulars . . . at hard-core pornographic movies . . . . The UN is really a haven for the unrequited from out-of-town. . . . New York . . . has reversed Pope's famous progression as far as the UN is concerned: we first embraced, then pitied, now endure.

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SIMON

(Continued from page 227)

paying corporations to attract equity capital and increase their growth rates. Low-dividend-paying corporations, in the short run, will receive relatively fewer advantages, but even they will benefit some. In the longer run, integration will also make it easier for them to make dividend payments commensurate with their high earnings.

4. *Reducing the corporate income tax would be simpler and just as effective a means to stimulate capital formation.*

I agree that this alternative is sound and would help achieve the over-all objective. However, simply reducing the corporate tax rate would not come to grips with the grave problem of reducing the tax bias in favor of debt financing. The corporate debt-equity ratio has doubled in the past decade. Together with higher interest rates resulting from inflation, lower corporate profitability, and a serious recession, we have created a situation where suppliers of capital are increasingly concerned with the safety of their investments. The credit spigot is slowly being turned off for all but the most successful and "safest" borrowers. New companies and new enterprises are experiencing difficulties attracting venture capital, even when they are willing to pay today's high interest rates.

The way to attack this problem is not simply to lower the corporate tax rate. We must make the taxes on dividends and on interest more nearly equal so as to stimulate the use of equity financing as a source of long-term funds for expansion. The result will be more efficient financial markets channeling savings into investment opportunities that will provide a greater reward and less inconvenience to the saver.

If we are to create the millions of new jobs demanded by a growing nation, increase real earnings, assure cheaper goods and services, and build up a foundation for durable prosperity, we must move to meet the capital formation needs of the economy in the coming decade. To do this we must begin now to create greater public understanding of the relationship between capital formation and healthy economic growth, and to reform our tax system to tilt our economy toward greater savings and investment and away from excessive consumption and federal spending. □

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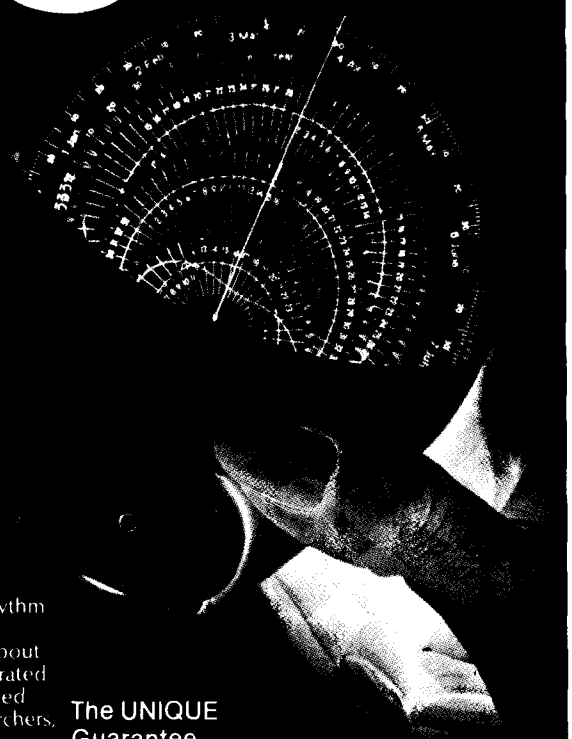

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WM. F. BUCKLEY JR.

Exit Moynihan

On The Right

Geneva, Feb. 9—It is a little early to take the organized measure of European reaction, but not too early to feel vibrations one would expect to feel in the United States. What it comes down to is: *They* always end up ahead. It appears to be something of a law of nature.

Shortly before leaving New York I dined under cosmopolitan auspices and found myself listening at dinner to an ambassador to the United Nations from a Western power. Inevitably the subject of Moynihan arose. "He is impossible. Quite utterly impossible." A probe of the ambassador's position got one no further, really, than to uncover this: that Daniel Patrick Moynihan had interfered with the ambassador's serenity. Those who have no idea of diplomatic business cannot know how serious an offense this is.

An establishment has been formed in the United Nations, with folkways and mores that crystallized over the past ten years. The Soviet Union became the dominant figure, and it was part of the rule that criticisms of it could be uttered only by the rival Communist superpower, the People's Republic of China. A corollary of the rule is that although at least one-half of all speeches in the United Nations must be devoted to deploring colonialism and its awful fruits, it is under no circumstances mentionable that the largest colonial system of the century continues undisturbed except by an occasional rumble of Soviet tanks when a daffodil seeking freedom breaks through the concrete, as in Budapest and Prague.

The Third World dominates the activities of the United Nations. The thrust of Third World rhetoric is that the West is responsible for all its afflictions, and that Western remorse is only acceptable as compassionate tender if it is given in hard cash.

Moynihan breezed in like an unmannered new boy. His preparation for his assignment was as perversely irrelevant as anything that could be devised. He arrived at the UN having read the UN charter! And the UN declarations on human and social rights! He might as well have prepared to receive Holy Orders by presiding over a Black Mass. And now, after an exhilarating eight months, finally he appears to have confessed that fatigue had overtaken him. He has given no convincing reason for leaving.

Those who will be quick to put the blame on Henry Kissinger will have the burden of explaining how come Kissinger selected Moynihan in the first place. Moynihan's behavior was by no means out of character. He explicated his idea of what the West might attempt to do in the United Nations in an article in *Commentary* magazine on the basis of which he was selected. Kissinger's pursuit of detente makes it difficult for him to say certain things. But that does not mean that he desires that certain things should not be said. Moynihan's criticism of moral charlatanry, his exposé of Soviet colonialism in Africa, were highly useful to any Secretary of State who understands detente as being something less than total intellectual and moral surrender. Henry Kissinger has never himself by word or deed suggested that he knows less than Solzhenitsyn how foul is the nest of the people with whom he deals.

So WHAT was it then? Perhaps, as some of Moynihan's friends say, Moynihan at the margin is too thin-skinned. He can take it from the PLO, and from the Russians, and from the General Amins; but not from his colleagues in the international bureaucracy, and certainly not from his fellow ambassadors from the West.

But the vibrations one feels are truly despondent. They seem to tell us: It always happens to *our* guy. When last was someone conspicuously beaten down for advancing the Communist position? The day before Moynihan resigned, Moscow unleashed a bitter denunciation of Ford and Kissinger for criticizing its actions in Angola: a typical venture in the Big Lie. And, for that reason, very nearly unnoticeable in the historical rhythms of the day. No European ambassador, dining out in New York, will bother to tell you that Ambassador Malik is an impossible man. I do believe that the United Nations would be more disconcerted by Ambassador Malik if he confessed to engaging in an act of colonialism in Africa than if he denied it. Nothing is more vexing than a change in the routine.

So then we will come back to the routine. There are many Americans—one thinks of Mr. Moynihan's predecessor, Mr. John Scali—who believe everything Moynihan believes. But that is not the point. It is the point that the establishment's meat cleavers go quickly to work to reduce our people to the procrustean model. Moynihan was too big a man, in every way, to permit the process to work on him, so he quit; and now the UN can get back to the business of weaving the Emperor's clothes; unobserved; bored and boring. □

THE COURT HAS RULED: LONG LIVE CHAOS

New York, Feb. 6—Concerning the Supreme Court's complicated decision, a few observations:

1. It really is a can of worms, is it not? Although a constitutional point was in fact raised—is expenditure a form of free speech?—much of the Court's meandering had really to do with the preferences of individual members of the Court facing questions faced by Congress, notably: What should we do about the mess we're in? It is hard to avoid the conclusion that much of the thinking, including that of the dissenters, had to do with the craft of legislation, rather than the architecture of the Constitution.

2. They say it is a Rich Man's Bill. Well, in a way it is, in a way it isn't. When you say that something is a "Rich Man's Bill," normally you are attempting to convey the impression that it is a bill that favors the rich man. By that strict token, if you were to say: "Only rich men may commit suicide," that would be a "Rich Man's Bill." The current decision of the Court says that anyone can devote as much money as he wants to furthering his own political candidacy. That would certainly appear to be a "Rich Man's Bill," in the conventional sense.

When the paradoxes begin to hit you is after a study of how rich men

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tend to act in this country. Of course, there may be some reactionary rich men who spend a lot of money on their own candidacies—only, as a matter of fact, I have difficulty in coming up with the names of any. This doesn't mean there aren't rich men in Congress who are conservative. But the big-name candidates, though some of them—indeed most of them—are well off, are not rich in the pointed sense of that term.

The paradox is that the very rich people in America who spend a lot of money on their candidacies tend to be on the left side of their parties. I recall with special amusement (what would Marx and Engels have done with *that* one) the race for governor of New York in 1958. The candidates were leading members of three of the wealthiest families in New York. Corliss Lamont was running as a left-socialist. Averell Harriman, the incumbent, as a left-Democrat. And Nelson Rockefeller as a left-Republican.

And it goes beyond the rich candidates who use their money to transform the capitalist system toward socialism. There are the ideological dilettantes. The day before the decision, I was accosted on the street by a friendly young man who announced himself as Stewart Mott, and told me he had the hot poop on what the Supreme Court was going to do; that among other things, the Court would disallow the limitation on individual contributions (it didn't). I told him that if that happened, beginning tomorrow he would be a much poorer man, but that in his case I could not in candor regret it. He left good-humoredly, no doubt counting the Morris Udalls of this world, to whom, with the permission of the Court, he would begin, the next day, sending hundreds of thousands of dollars in pursuit of his vision of dissipating his fortune in General Motors for the sake of transforming the United States into such a society as would make it impossible for a working man to own a car.

3. But even here, the Supreme Court's ruling is confusing. What it says is that it is okay for Congress to limit the contribution of an individual to a particular candidate to $1,000. But that an individual can spend as much money as he wants to further a cause, including the cause of a candidate's election, so long as he does not give his money directly to the candidate. This means that it is okay for Stewart Mott to take out $5 million worth of TV spots featuring the divine gifts of Morris Udall—so long as the scheduling and content of those spots aren't handled through Udall's office. Now I am absolutely certain that Mr. Mott and Mr. Udall would do their very best not to break the law, and absolutely certain that there isn't a chance in the world that a major financial effort in behalf of Udall by a Stewart Mott would be entirely uncoordinated. All it takes is one hot dog at Chock Full o' Nuts, during which the guy on Udall's staff says, "We're not hurting for money in Massachusetts, but it's sure tough in California," and Stewart Mott's valet has all the information he needs to pleasure his boss.

4. For years it has been unlawful for the corporations to give money, and, post-Watergate, the courts are beginning to get tough about it. Obviously the restrictions should apply alike to organizations of any sort, including labor unions, on whose contributions in kind a cash value should be placed. Meanwhile, nothing very much has changed: but Senators Buckley and McCarthy have been justified in their insistence that, as drafted, the great law that came out of the crucible of Watergate was—unconstitutional. □

REAGAN-PICKING AT THE PLAZA

New York, Feb. 2—It is Reagan-picking time, and the temptation to the sport extends beyond the conventional circles of critics who find amusing—and just a little bit . . . embarrassing—such rhetoric about the axioms of American federalism as would have made Thomas Jefferson feel comfortable. For instance, my brother George Will, in his opening performance as columnist for *Newsweek*, makes great fun of Reagan as a type, the volunteer guillotiner of the Gordian knot; and of Reagan in particular, an object of indoor sport for highbrow types.

Consider the paradoxes, he says. Here is Reagan, "the unsurpassed master of jeremiads. Two days before announcing his candidacy, Reagan addressed a sumptuous banquet, a festive gathering of conservatives, in New York's Plaza Hotel. There in the lap of luxury, before an audience throbbing with admiration, he recited a long quotation (from Whittaker Chambers) about Western civilization being a 'wreck from within.' "

Will asks, "Did that grim bulletin . . . dampen the gaiety? No, like the ample wine and savory food, it was part of the fun. Intense activists' fun is in the zany belief that their politician stands between the republic and ruin."

Now this kind of thing is something we old-timers are required, through our smiles, gently to resist, never mind the worldliness with which the young so very charmingly adorn their prose. If you train your thought on such analysis for so much as a moment, it breaks into a faint blush, and withers away.

Because there is nothing in the least incongruous about applauding a speaker who frames his address as a vision of apocalypse. *Provided* that speaker rejects hopelessness. The pessimism of Whittaker Chambers was very nearly total, and his words, written in 1954, hauntingly prophetic. Western civilization, he said, is a "wreck from within. . . . we can hope to do little more now than snatch a fingernail of a saint from the rack or a handful of ashes from the faggots, and bury them secretly in a flowerpot against the day, ages hence, when a few men begin again to dare to believe that there was once something else . . ."

HERE Mr. Will cropped the passage. No doubt *Newsweek* was short of space. The sentence Chambers wrote and Reagan quoted added "that something else is thinkable, and need some evidence of what it was, and the fortifying knowledge that there were those who, at the great nightfall, took loving thought to preserve the tokens of hope and truth."

By his objective performance—Ronald Reagan was about to declare for the Presidency—he rejects the apocalyptic pessimism of Chambers. But to reject it does not require us to fail to notice it; to feel its hot air on our necks. Mr. Will, who does not always write so chirpily about America's destiny, knows very well that if we placed on a graph the inflation, the new regulations, the taxation, the advances of the Soviet Union, the defeats strategic and moral to the West, and drew a linear projection, Chambers would be proved right in another decade. To show the grimness of a situation, and then to choose a fight, is precisely what brings an audience—or even an army—to its feet. When Winston Churchill told his audience that he had nothing—repeat: "nothing"—to offer them but "blood, toil, tears, and sweat," he won over the hearts of his countrymen, those drinking champagne, and those ducking bombs. So to speak, they gave him a standing ovation. This is not incongruity, it is spirit. Reagan is old—compared to Will. And Will is young, compared to Reagan. Mr. Reagan's judgment is advanced, over Mr. Will's, when he suggests that we need to make deep commitments else all we'll have is the fingernail and the ashes; among them Reagan's. Mr. Will should show at least an equivalent disdain for pyre-lighting. □

(Washington Star Syndicate, Inc.)

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Trans-O-Gram

By SVEND PETERSEN

DEFINITIONS

A. Where the Bills (not Buckley and Rusher) are headquartered — 98 113 85 54 135 106 119

B. One of the muses (she would speak in a scrambled way) — 109 30 197 17 200

C. Where the Saints play their home games — 120 7 111 167 179 195 151 66 82 140

D. With WORD L, a team in the National Football League — 146 20 60 172 31 50 89 9 96 133

E. Home base for the Falcons — 141 77 21 194 188 86 153

F. A Danish astronomer's first name — 162 29 136 87 95

G. Menace — 171 191 49 88 79 23 131 168

H. To drive out — 175 58 51 1 24

I. A group of radio or television stations — 70 46 61 42 203 8 39

J. Girls can't do this — 116 2 204 65 73 80 121

K. To shun — 173 186 199 16 68 130

L. See WORD D — 157 91 27 205 143 37 184 110

M. Talented — 181 5 72 124 132 52

N. Where the 49ers make an eleven — 198 22 38 19 45 53 75 118 156 166 169 178

O. Single, but not necessarily in a state of blessedness — 48 3 36 56 63

P. What Aaron was — 202 107 92 33 125

Q. A market town of Staffordshire, England — 59 93 129 81 164 192 185 11 149

R. A mountain in Wales — 90 43 152 71 155 78 177 201 25 101

S. Complained — 127 83 148 94 170 6

T. To direct attention — 187 76 104 122 57 97

U. This National Football League team represents six states — 35 163 176 41 154 161 13 28 139 189

V. This city has about as many Cardinals as the Roman Catholic Church — 150 69 14 174 190 196 44 74 103 123

W. This city has an aerie for Eagles — 12 10 108 40 62 67 117 100 32 134 159 165

X. Headquarters for the Raiders — 18 34 137 114 99 144 126

Y. Rescinded — 26 138 158 84 180 64 115

Z. To transmit — 55 102 183 147 145 142 47

a. The last National Football League team I'll mention — 4 105 160 193 182 128 15 112

DIRECTIONS

The object of TRANS-O-GRAM is to fill out the puzzle diagram by guessing the words (above) from their DEFINITIONS, and transferring each letter of the guessed word to the correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When the diagram is filled out it will spell out a quotation from some published work (reading normally from left to right, black boxes indicating the ends of words); also, when the WORDS have all been filled in above, their initial letters will spell out the author and title of the quoted work. The acrostic feature, and the relative word-lengths in the diagram, will assist in the solution. Spelling and definitions on the authority of *Webster's New International Dictionary*, Second Edition.

See page 228 for Solution to last Trans-O-Gram.

		1 H	2 J	3 O	4 a	5 M	6 S	7 C	8 I		9 D	10 W	11 Q		12 W	13 U	14 V
15 a	16 K	17 B		18 X	19 N		20 D		21 E	22 N	23 G	24 H	25 R	26 Y	27 L	28 U	29 F
	30 B	31 D	32 W		33 P	34 X	35 U		36 O	37 L	38 N	39 I	40 W	41 U		42 I	43 R
44 V		45 N	46 I	47 Z	48 O	49 G	50 D	51 H	52 M		53 N	54 A	55 Z	56 O	57 T		58 H
59 Q	60 D	61 I		62 W		63 O	64 Y	65 J	66 C	67 W	68 K		69 V	70 I	71 R		72 M
73 J	74 V	75 N	76 T		77 E	78 R	79 G	80 J		81 Q	82 C	83 S		84 Y	85 A		86 E
87 F	88 G		89 D	90 R	91 L	92 P	93 Q		94 S	95 F	96 D	97 T	98 A	99 X	100W	101R	
102Z	103V	104T	105a	106A	107P	108W	109B	110L		111C	112a	113A	114X	115Y		116J	117W
	118N	119A	120C	121J	122T	123V	124M	125P	126X		127S	128a	129Q	130K	131G	132M	133D
	134W	135A	136F	137X	138Y	139U	140C	141E	142Z	143L		144X	145Z	146D		147Z	148S
149Q	150V	151C	152R		153E	154U	155R		156N	157L	158Y	159W	160a	161U		162F	163U
164Q	165W	166N		167C	168G	169N	170S		171G	172D	173K		174V	175H	176U		177R
178N	179C	180Y		181M	182a	183Z	184L	185Q	186K		187T	188E	189U		190V	191G	192Q
	193a	194E	195C	196V	197B	198N		199X	200B	201R	202P	203I	204J	205L			

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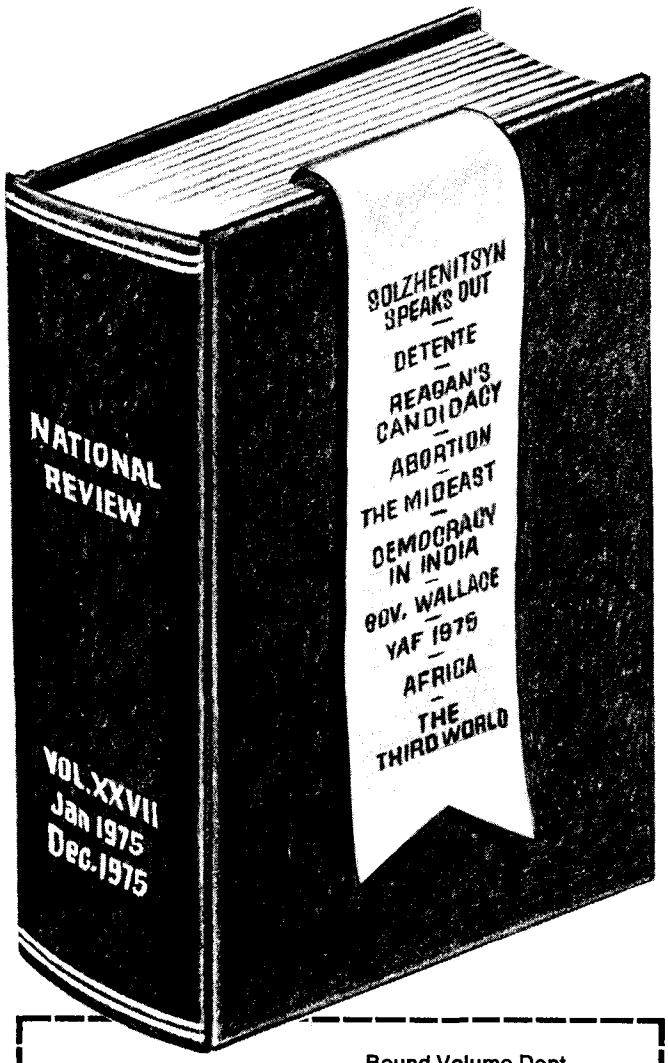

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